THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 18, 1927
Entered as a Newspaper.

"NOCTURNES": NEW SERIES BY E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT—ILLUSTRATED

The BYSTANDER

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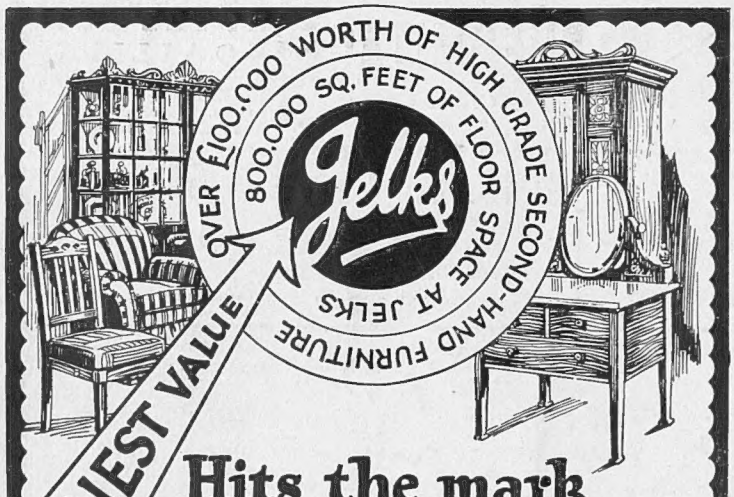

Hits the mark

Messrs. W. Jelks & Sons' new and enlarged Showrooms are now open, and the public are invited to call and inspect the magnificent exhibition of

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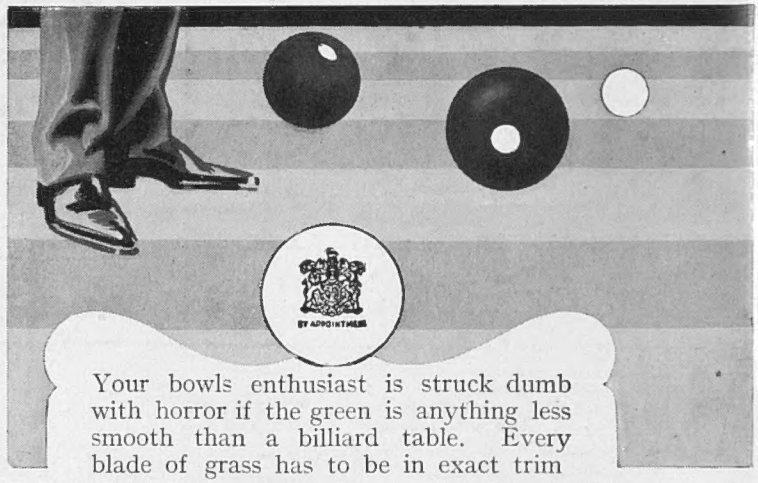

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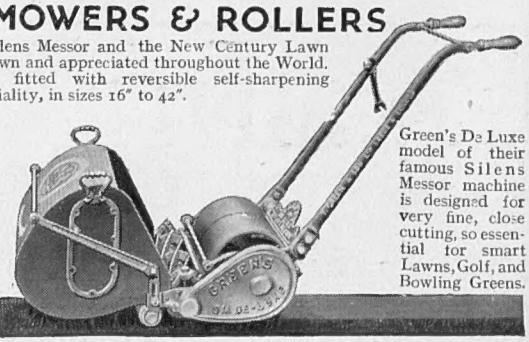

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The Bystander, May 18, 1927 No. 1222 Vol. XCIV

The BYSTANDER

THE SUMMER GAME

BY RENÉ VINCENT

THE "MANNEQUIN"

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

WITH THE DISABLED *Central News*

Their Majesties, accompanied by Sir Hugh Trenchard, chatting with totally disabled soldiers at Lady Mond's house in Lowndes Square. They spent a long time among these men, who do embroidery work under the auspices of the Friends of the Poor

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

By THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King and Queen and Australia

THE KING AND QUEEN, I am told, have been following the progress of the Duke and Duchess of York "down under" with a most eager interest. The Royal memory for places, persons, and events is proverbial, and the King and Queen have vivid recollections of their own tour in Australia as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—recollections which, seeing the time that has elapsed, frequently amaze Australians when they meet King George and Queen Mary in this country. Their Majesties' remembrance of Australian cities and Australian scenery was also a never-ending source of wonder to the Australian soldiers they visited in hospital during the War.

Royal House Decoration

THE QUEEN in these last days has been very busy superintending the installation and decoration of two houses —Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales, and the house in Piccadilly for the Duke and Duchess of York. The Queen has an unerring judgment in these matters, as is shown to all the world by Mr. Jack's two pictures in the Academy of the Blue Drawing Room and the Chinese Chippendale Room at Buckingham Palace, both of which were arranged by Her Majesty. Her family not only know but appreciate the Queen's talent in house decoration and arrangement, and consequently they all appeal to her for ideas and help. First, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles sought the Queen's advice for Chesterfield House. Then the Duke and Duchess of York for White Lodge, and now again for Piccadilly. The Queen also settled the arrangement of York House for the Prince of Wales, and is now helping him in the alterations and redecoration of Marlborough House.

Certain alterations are still being carried out at Sandringham according to the Queen's plans, and everybody who has been to Holyrood in recent years knows what wonderful changes her taste and knowledge have effected there.

Speaking of Sandringham, the Court will go there for Whitsuntide, and not to the

Sport and General

IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed during one of their trips in New South Wales. They are seen on Mount York overlooking the beautiful Hartley Valley

J. C. H. Balmain

"THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED—"

Lord Weymouth, the only son of the Marquess of Bath, photographed with his fiancée, the Hon. Daphne Vivian. The bride-to-be is the elder daughter of Lord Vivian and a niece of the Countess Haig

AT FONTWELL PARK

Some of those who followed the fortunes of their fancies at the recent Spring Meeting

Alfieri

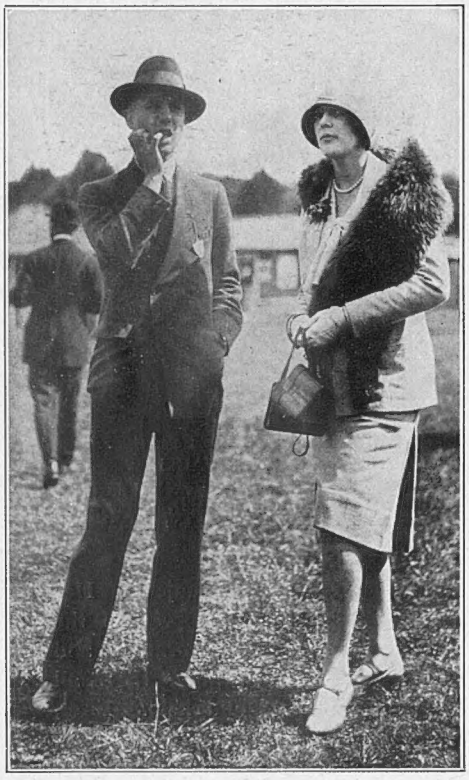
LADY BARNARD, the COUNTESS OF MARCH, MISS CHAPLIN and LORD ESME GORDON-LENNOX

British Illus.

MRS. WHITELAW and MISS MOLLY RAMSDEN

Topical

MISS CHAPMAN (left), MISS PRIMROSE BANCROFT and LADY RACHAEL HOWARD



News Illus.

LADY IRENE CUBITT and MR. CALVERT

Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, as used to be the custom. This will be the first time for many years that the King and Queen will see the Sandringham gardens in their early summer beauty. Hitherto their visits have always been in the late autumn and winter. The visit will be brief because of Ascot and the pressure of London engagements.

The American Embassy

At long last the two houses in Princes Gate left by the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan to be the American Embassy in London have been knocked into one and completed. I should be sorry to hazard even a guess as to the length of time the builders and decorators have taken.

However, all is done now, and Mr. and Mrs. Houghton have the satisfaction of knowing that they are the only American Ambassador and Ambassadress in the whole world who live in an Embassy house belonging to the United States. America is the only country which does not provide houses for its Ambassadors in foreign capitals. The diplomatic representatives of that vast and rich country have to provide their own abodes, which means that only men of wealth can be chosen. It likewise means that American Ambassadors are intensely patriotic people since they have to spend huge sums of money in supporting their position for the honour and the glory of their country.

Years ago I remember an immensely rich American Ambassador in Rome renting the Palazzo Ludovisi, which was afterwards the home of the Queen-Mother, Margherita. But nothing in that Roman palace equalled the beauty of the new American Embassy in London.

The new stone hall is of impressive proportions, and graceful, too. From it rises a flight of stone stairs covered with an unusual carpet—royal purple bordered with green. On the first floor are room after room of what are called "reception rooms," in all sorts of styles of decoration—French the prevailing one. The ball-room is magnificent. It is all white with malachite columns, and great crystal chandeliers. The chairs and settees are all gilt, and of the Louis Quinze period.

The dining-room on the ground floor is English of English, being entirely panelled in oak. Its windows open on a terrace from which you descend to a garden. America has waited ever since the reign of George III for its own Embassy in London—as I have said, the first Embassy it has ever possessed anywhere. When Nero entered his Golden House which he had built in Rome he exclaimed, "At last I am housed like a man."

The American Ambassador in London and his successors can say, "At last we are housed like princes."

A PLACE IN THE SUN

A photograph taken between bathes at Montego Bay, Jamaica, which is a favourite resort among seekers after real sunshine. The group includes Major Winter, Royal Fusiliers (standing), Miss Irving (left), who is well known in the worlds of golf and lawn tennis, Mr. H. D. Swan, who is running the New Zealand cricket XI, Mr. P. Prouter, Managing Director of the Jamaica Railways, Lady Stanhope Hanson and Capt. Count Hollender

A TUSSLE FOR THE BALL *Central News*

Mr. J. A. E. Traill, with the inevitable sheepskin saddle, is engaged by an 11th Hussars player in a race for the ball during the match between the Trailers and the 11th Hussars in the first round of the Ranelagh Handicap Challenge Cup. The 11th Hussars, who received half a goal start, won by seven and a half goals to five

Dennis Moss

HOT WORK AT THE BOARDS

A photograph of a keen tussle in the recent American Handicap Tournament between Cheltenham (rec. ½) and Warren's Gorse, at Cheltenham. The former won by 7½ goals to 7

POLO IN FULL SWING AT THE CLUBS

Another Bachelor Duke

THE death of the Duke of Leeds adds a third bachelor Duke to the two wearers of the strawberry-leaves who, so far, have not entered into matrimony—the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of St. Albans. The new Duke, who was the Marquess of Carmarthen, however, is only twenty-six.

The Duke's death will necessitate the election of a Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, in which office, the highest honour that can be paid to a yachtsman, he succeeded the late Marquess of Ormonde.

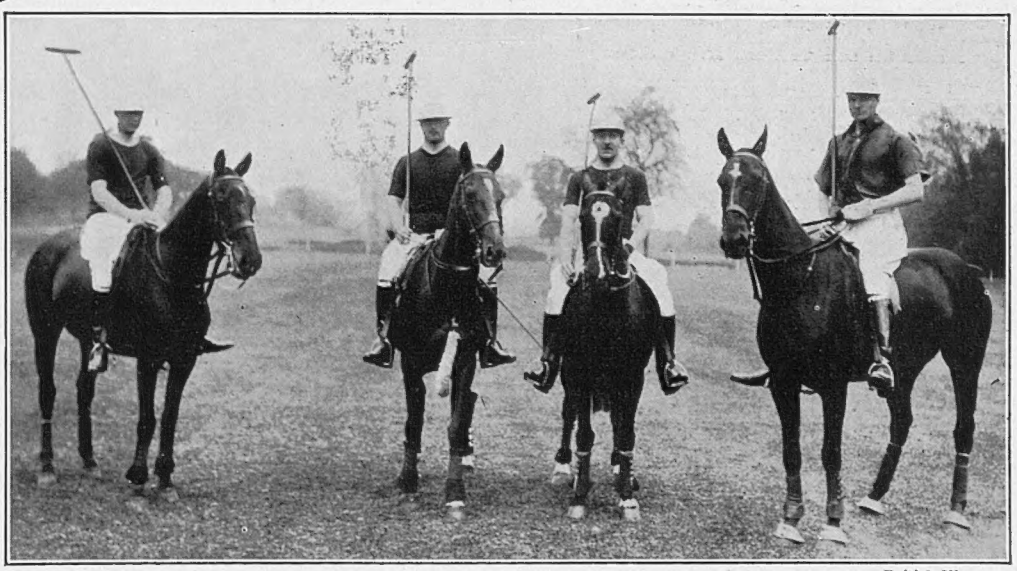
For many years past the Duchess of Leeds, a sister of the Earl of Durham, has spent the winter at a charming villa at Bordighera, Selva Dolce. She is not strong, and has to avoid the vigorous Yorkshire winter at Hornby Castle, the huge family place in Bedale. The new Duke is an only son. He has four sisters, of whom the third, Lady Dorothy Glamis, married the Earl of Strathmore's eldest son and heir, and is therefore a sister-in-law of the Duchess of York.

The late Duke of Leeds was a keen sailor, so keen that during the War, as a commander in the R.N.V.R., he went mine-sweeping in his own yacht in the North Sea until it was blown up by a

Keystone

LORD BEATTY AT HURLINGHAM

A photograph of Lord Beatty chatting to Lord Ednam and Colonel Scott Duff at Hurlingham. He played in the Hurlingham team against the Wanderers in the first Spring Handicap Tournament



British Illus.

A MILITARY POLO TEAM

The Royal Horse Guards Polo Team photographed at Roehampton. Mr. R. G. Shaw (left), Mr. W. M. Sale, Mr. F. G. Ward-Jackson and Captain Lord Molyneux

mine off Scarborough. Oddly enough the foundation of the family fortunes and honours was laid in water.

One fine day the apprentice of a jeweller who had his shop on old London Bridge saw his master's daughter fall from a window into the river. Instantly he dived in and saved her. The result was marriage. His name was Thomas Osborne. He succeeded to his father-in-law's business, became Lord Mayor, made a large fortune, and founded the ducal family of Leeds, which still bears his patronymic. So many of our great families had their origin in the City.

Armorial Bearings

MR. A. C. FOX-DAVIES is one of our greatest authorities on armorial bearings. It is seventeen years since the last edition of his *Armorial Families* was published, a valuable book which decided many vexed questions as to the right to use arms and crests. Since that time there have been many changes through grants of arms for new titles, and the calling out of abeyance of old titles, and other changes through birth, marriage, death and succession. So Mr. Fox-Davies asks those who are entitled to use genuine official arms to be good enough to communicate with him during the next few weeks, so that their arms may be properly included in the new *Armorial Families*. The address is Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, 22, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

L. N. A.

A MILITARY WEDDING

Captain Colin Hutchinson, D.S.O., M.C., of the Royal Horse Artillery, and his bride, Miss Jovine Helen Williams, shown leaving St. Margaret's, Iver Heath, after their wedding. The bride is the eldest surviving daughter of Mr. E. Trevor Williams, Chairman of His Master's Voice Gramophone Company, and Mrs. Williams

Lenare

TO MARRY

Miss Nina Hodgson, whose engagement to Major Arthur Hartley, O.B.E. (late R.A.F.), was recently announced. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Hodgson and of Mrs. Edward Dumoulin, of North Ferriby

Hay Wrightson

AN ENGAGEMENT OF THE SEASON

Miss Cecily Acland, the eldest daughter of Col. A. D. Acland and the Hon. Mrs. Acland, who engagement to Mr. Aubrey George Wykeham-Musgrave, the youngest son of the late Mr. W. A. Wykeham-Musgrave and Mrs. Wykeham-Musgrave, was recently announced

on Sunday he interrupted her waterfall of words with:

"Do you know the Indian name that would describe you best?"

"Oh! do tell me?" cried the talkative damsel, with an expression on her face which suggested that she expected the Indian equivalent of "Pearl of the World" or "Queen of the Lotus."

"Chatterjee or Jabberjhoy!" was the answer.

Her Indian Name

AN extremely loquacious young woman had been the terror of a week-end party, and more particularly to a distinguished Indian official home on leave, at whom she had made a dead set. At dinner

Bassano

AFTER THE WEDDING

Mr. S. Petroff Tchomakoff, Councillor of the Bulgarian Legation, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Lily de Poorter, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. H. de Poorter, of Ambleside, Wimbledon Park. The wedding took place at the Russian Church Buckingham Palace Road

An Old Repetition of History

THE Earl of Effingham, who has just died at the age of sixty-one, was one of the peers very rarely seen in London, spending his time in travelling or at Tusmore Park, near Bicester. He was unmarried, and the earldom therefore goes to a kinsman. Oddly enough there have been two creations of the earldom of Effingham in the family, and both have only descended four times in the direct line.

The family is descended from that Lord Howard of Effingham, a son of the ducal house of Norfolk, who defeated the Spanish Armada. He was rewarded with the earldom of Nottingham. This became extinct about a hundred years later, but the barony of Howard of Effingham went on. The seventh holder of the barony was created Earl of Effingham in the reign of George II as reward for his military services. He had three successors and then this earldom also became extinct, the barony reverting to a kinsman, who likewise was created Earl of Effingham for military services. He, too, had only three direct successors. A curious coincidence, this, in one family.

A Hospital Centenary

FOR a hundred years the Royal Free Hospital, in the Gray's Inn Road, has been doing splendid work in a poor and crowded neighbourhood. To mark the centenary, and to meet the ever-growing demands on the hospital, especially in its care of children, a new children's wing is to be built, which, by the permission of the Queen, who with the King is a patron of the hos-

pital, is to be named the "Queen Mary Wing." In aid of this new wing Lady Newnes is organising a ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, on Wednesday, May 25, all particulars of which you can get from Mrs. de l'Hôpital, O.B.E., Egyptian House, 170, Piccadilly, W.1.

Mr. Colin Campbell's Exhibition

PRINCESS MARY, I hear, has promised to visit the exhibition of portraits and flower paintings which Mr. Colin Campbell is having at Claridge's Gallery in Brook Street, and which will remain open until the end of the month. Mr. Campbell is an old student of the Slade School. His mother, Lady Ileene Campbell, is a sister of the Earl of Huntingdon, and of Lady Hothfield and Lady Noreen Bass.

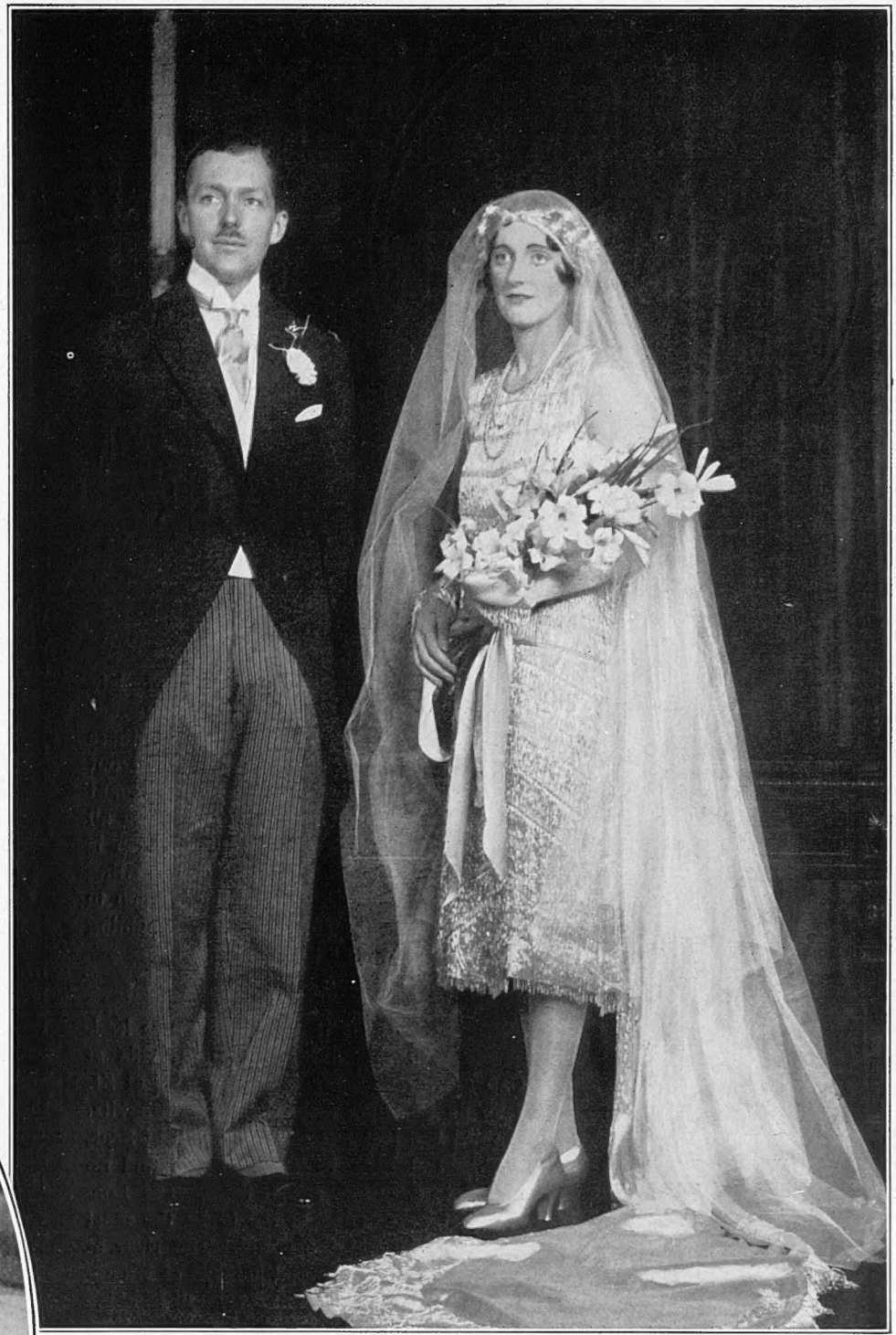
A strong talent for the arts runs in the family, for Mr. Colin Campbell's cousin, Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick, has a considerable gift for play-writing.

A Step in the Right Direction

EVERY trade and practically every profession has its associations for mutual help, mutual strength, progress and instruction, all except a profession or calling which is the largest in the world—that of the housewife. For centuries women have just muddled on—successful housewives if they had knowledgable mothers who trained them, or special adaptability of their own; hopeless failures otherwise.

The British Housewives' Association has already begun to alter this state of things. It really is a Trades Union on the highest lines—strikes and lock-outs never enter its contemplation—of women of every rank and degree who manage their homes. And it goes much further than just domesticity. It works against adulteration of food; it works for hygienic cooking, labour-saving appliances—in short, it works for everything that makes the home healthy, a place of pleasant relationship between mistress and maids, and a place of comfort for the family.

Last week the Association had a cookery competition, followed by a cookery demonstration, a most helpful form of its many activities. Lady Swaythling gave away the prizes, and Mrs. C. S. Peel told us what are to be the fashionable dishes this season at the leading restaurants. They sounded so delectable that one would like to be asked out to luncheon every day. The British Housewives' Association is really the first attempt to grapple with the question of domestic management as what it is—a very serious and important matter for health and well-being.



THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK *Speaight*

Captain A. S. Cunningham Reid, D.F.C., M.P., and his bride, Miss Mary Ashley, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Wilfrid Ashley, P.C., M.P. The wedding, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was attended by very many well-known people

Central News

A BRIDE FROM "DOWN UNDER"

Lord Mandeville, the heir of the Duke of Manchester, photographed with his bride, Miss Nell Vere Stead, after their wedding at the Parish Church at Kimbolton. Lady Mandeville is the daughter of an Australian millionaire

A Garden Fête

THE Princess Royal will open the "Old English Garden Fête" in aid of the voluntary hospitals, which will be held at the Royal Botanic Gardens to-morrow, May 19, and on May 20 and 21. A special stall organised by the Hospital of the Royal Infant Orphanage, Wanstead, will be devoted to the sale of the autographed works of famous authors.

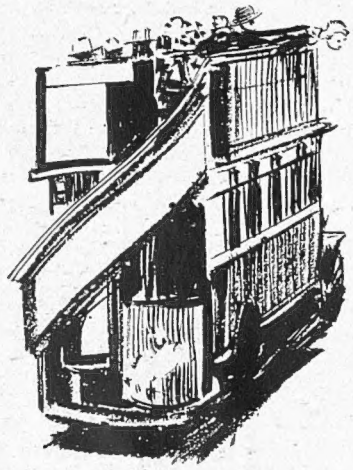
You may obtain tickets of admission to the Fête from the Secretary, Royal Infant Orphanage, Wanstead, priced 5s. and 2s. (Thursday), and 1s. on the other days.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE —

'THESE GOLDEN DAYS OF LATE SPRING—'

'ANOTHER FRIEND HAS LEFT FOR THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND—'



RIDING ON THE TOP OF A BUS WITH A SMALL BOY—'

VISITORS WILL FIND MUCH TO EXCLAIM ABOUT—'

AND WHAT OF THE GENTLEMEN HOME ON LEAVE FROM INDIA —?'

The Pageant of Summer

THESE golden days of late Spring and early Summer are terribly confusing to those of us who like to get the best out of life. In the country the Pageant of Summer has begun, and we all want to be there. But London is calling, for the Season is getting into its stride. And, in addition to these, the sun is already beginning to draw us to the seashore.

Lovely London

THERE is a friend of mine leading a lazy life in a villa at Cap Ferrat. Another is playing golf at St. Jean de Luz—the little brother of Biarritz. A third has just left for the North of Scotland. But here, in Town, I can find no reason to envy any one of them. For London just now seems to me to be the most beautiful place in the world. The river at Richmond; the parks and gardens of Hampton Court; the flowers at Kew—all combine to make our London an empress among the lesser cities of the world.

That Nice House

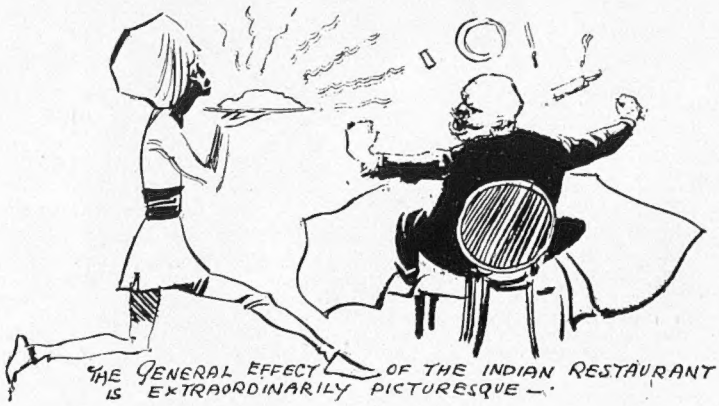
RIDING on the top of a 'bus from Trafalgar Square to the Gaiety Theatre in company with a small boy who was seeing London for the first time, I, myself, saw the city through new eyes. "Look at those *lovely* fountains! *Aren't* they lovely? Why are there *two* of them? What is that sort of monument? Look at that nice house with pictures on it. Does that gentleman with the long chin *live* at that big house, and why does he have his picture by the front door? Are all those ladies his sisters?" . . . And we had only crawled from Trafalgar Square, past Charing Cross to the Gaiety Theatre!

Lost in Piccadilly

VISITORS up for the London Season will find much to exclaim about—even though they are sufficiently sophisticated to know that Jack Hulbert does not actually live at the Gaiety, and that he is not the brother of all those lovely Lido ladies. If they have spent the last nine months in the South and in the Shires they will find it possible to lose themselves in Piccadilly. Since they were last there the Circus has been reconstructed and three hotels of the first class—the Park Lane, the May Fair, and the Green Park, have come into being.

West is East

AND what of the gentlemen home on leave from India and beyond? Devastating changes have taken place since *they* last set foot in Regent Street or forgathered at the Sports Club. Fortunately for them, this familiar rallying-point still stands, and there is now, in Regent Street, an Indian restaurant where all their needs can be supplied. This is Veerasawmy's, which started



THE GENERAL EFFECT IS EXTRAORDINARILY PICTURESQUE OF THE INDIAN RESTAURANT—'

IF THE BAT CONTINUES TO BEAT THE BALL IN THIS WAY

at Wembley, and has now taken firm root in the West End. During the past few weeks the premises have been enlarged until nearly one hundred Indians are engaged in the dining-rooms and kitchens, and the general effect is extraordinarily picturesque.

Work and Worry

When Prebendary Gough said of the Christian Socialist movement that it taught the manual worker to pity himself because he was a hard worker and to look upon himself as a more or less injured person, he might have gone further and reminded adherents to this strange creed that manual workers are not the only workers in the world. Worry is worse than work, and there are labourers of Fleet Street and in the great City offices who work under a mental strain that would make a navvy sick. If some of these toilers of the town could get into corduroys for a couple of months, and if their desks could be occupied by manual labourers, a better understanding might possibly arise.

Injury and Insult

Those performers who are complaining of niggardly treatment at the hands of the B.B.C. will shed no tears when they read Sir John Reith's complaint that the Corporation has been overcharged for the use of the Albert Hall. The B.B.C. has, in the opinion of many, consistently profiteered from the very commencement. Realising, like all monopolists, that authors and instrumentalists must "take it or leave it," the B.B.C. has insisted on ridiculous terms, adding insult to injury by the suggestion that established performers will benefit by the publicity obtained. If Sir John Reith feels that £200 is too much to pay for the Albert Hall, let him realise what excellent publicity his Corporation is securing!

Memories of Mürren

More than this, the "Lone Tree" badges worn by members of the company are instances of the personal interest taken in the production by Mr. Arnold Lunn, of Mürren, during the days spent by the touring Bystanders in that very sporting centre. Anyone who has learned to ski at Mürren will have thrilling memories of the Lone Tree Slopes, and the comedy antics of Bobby Howes will touch a responsive chord in many hearts.

Faithful to the Favourite

Most of my readers, I imagine, are determined to make a lot of money over this year's Derby. The anticipated success of Call Boy at Newmarket will have stiffened this resolution, but the consequent shortage in price will have set the more enterprising searching for a more adventurous gamble. I think we may remain faithful to the favourite, but in the meantime I am not sure if a little place money on Apple Cross might not be amiss.

By David Wilson

THE MODERN "MICAWBERS"—WAITING FOR "RAMSAY" TO TURN UP!

Bat and Ball

The cricket season is in its infancy, but it would seem that lack of bowling skill rather than the size of the ball is the cause of these present discontents. During the opening matches centuries followed one another in quick succession, and quite a number of scorers are suffering from writer's cramp. Jack Hobbs claims that the smaller ball makes no sort of difference, and the heavy scoring against Surrey and Yorkshire would seem to prove the truth of this saying. If the bat continues to beat the ball in this way, we shall have to have four stumps at each end—and higher ones at that!

Ourselves and *The Blue Train*

We on The Bystander take some credit for the phenomenal success of *The Blue Train*, in which Miss Lily Elsie has made her triumphant return to the West End stage. The Swiss scenes in Act II and the Riviera scenes in Act III bear strong traces of visits paid by one of the authors in search of copy for special numbers of The Bystander, and the ingenious fun on the train itself was discussed on the occasion of our last visit to the South.

That County Hall

London's legislators appear to be still baffled by the acoustics of the County Hall. Every sort of gadget has been tried, but, so far, without effect. Dear me, I thought I had settled this problem years ago! Must I repeat myself? Then here goes:

Oh, Aldermen! Oh, Councillors!
Permit me to explain:
You've only got to pull it down
And build it up again!

Our Summer Number

The June 1 issue of The Bystander will be a Double Summer Number, and, like The Bystander Summer Numbers of yore, will be packed with good things. A feature of this issue will be the colour work, and coming out, as this number does, on Derby Day it is only appropriate that that great sporting artist Gilbert Holiday should be a contributor to the art side. To borrow a certain American lady of fiction's happy aptitude for phrase: "The Bystander Summer Number is a wow!"

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*

The Derby Favourite

CALL BOY did all that he was so confidently expected to do in the Newmarket Stakes, but nothing more, and his chance of winning the Derby remains exactly as it was before last week's race. At one time Mr. Frank Curzon's Call Boy appeared to be pulling more heartily than Elliott wished him to do, and he is undoubtedly a free-going colt who needs strong handling. Momentarily, I thought that Hossan was going to put up a good fight against the favourite, but the Aga Khan's strong colt is still decidedly backward, and condition soon told in favour of the Derby favourite. Still, Hossan did quite enough to show himself an improved colt, and he appeals to me as much as any of the Epsom outsiders. At the moment, however, it is by no means certain that he is the best of the Whatcombe's three-year-olds. We have, for example, seen nothing of Blanchailles since he ran so promisingly in the Greenham at Newbury. If he is preferred to Hossan for the Derby, the inference will be obvious; but I shall be surprised if the French-bred colt is not the better of the pair.

Manton's Hope at Epsom

I AM sorry we did not have another glimpse of Sledmere in action last week, but no doubt Mr. Tattersall was well advised in not calling on him to run on such hard ground. You see, this colt split a pastern last year, and it would be imprudent to subject his legs to too severe a test until the rain comes. His stable companion, Eagle Rock, also experienced pastern trouble last year, which was greatly to be regretted considering that he was reckoned to be the most promising of all Lord Astor's two-year-olds. It was hoped that he would stand training this season, but he has had further leg mischief recently, and will have to have another long rest before anything can be seriously done with him.

French Menace

IN France I believe they have by no means made up their minds whether the leading three-year-olds there are really up to the average. We have no dependable means so far of comparing them with the horses of the same age in this country, so we are completely in the dark as to how Mon Talisman will shape when he takes his place in the field for the Derby. Considering that he won his first two races this season and is unbeaten up to the time of writing, we are bound to hold him in respect. If it should happen that our colts are not a particularly brilliant lot Mon Talisman may be good enough to win. You probably know that while he was bred in France his pedigree is purely English. His sire is Craig an Eran, and his dam is the Lemberg mare Ruthene, who at one time ran well in the colours of Mr. J. St. Vigor Fox. It was said last week that certain people were snapping up all the long prices they could get about Mon Talisman, so evidently business is meant with him.

Quality of the Cracks

ONE heard several arguments at Newmarket last week as to whether the pick of our three-year-olds are good, bad, or indifferent. One prominent trainer and ex-jockey expressed the opinion that about four or five of the leading colts are well up to the best classic standard, and he thinks further that we have some uncommonly good fillies this year.

Hot Night at York

ONE of the most interesting features of this week's racing promises to be the gallop which Hot Night is to have in the Sledmere Plate at York on Wednesday. It will be by no means a soft task for Sir Victor Sassoon's colt, as he will have to give chunks of weight to Chantrey and Legislator, while Kincardine will add interest to the race. Still, Hot Night should win pretty easily if he is to justify his reputation. In the Kempton Jubilee **Finglas** gave me the impression that he needed a longer course. For this reason I think he will be seen to advantage in the Great Northern Handicap if Mr. Gilpin sends him to the Knavesmire. Other selections are **Albanian** for the Doncaster Handicap on Thursday and **Review Order** for the Chesterfield Plate.

"Duggie Never Owes"

The above sentence, descriptive of the firm of Douglas Stuart, Ltd., has become almost a household word among those people who take any interest at all in racing, but, unlike many familiar phrases, it has a solid backing of truth. We have just received the book of rules of this old-established firm of Commission Agents, and it is made perfectly clear that the rules are as generous as ever and contain no camouflaged restrictions. Backers who show the discrimination to deal with this firm will find that they have chosen wisely.

Four Photographs from "The Flat"

Topical

THE FAVOURITE WINS

Mr. F. Curzon's Call Boy (Elliott up) finishing an easy first in the Newmarket Stakes. Starting at 5 to 2 on, he had matters all his own way and finished on a tight rein

CALL BOY *Central News*

Who, after his runaway victory in the Newmarket Stakes, is a hotter favourite than ever for the Derby. The trainer is Watts of Newmarket

GOING ALL OUT *Topical*

The race for the Shelford Plate at Newmarket in progress. Mr. Solly Joel's Pale Hands (R. Jones up) beat Zenoff by a length and a half to win the race, which was over a 1¾ miles course, at 11 to 4 against

A TIGHT FINISH *I.B.*

Lord D'Abernon's Dian (T. Weston up) winning the Stewards Plate at Kempton Park. Starting at 7 to 1, Dian beat All's Blue by a neck, a short head separating the latter and Dark Warrior

NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

At the first debate of the Union, the motion was that this house "deplores the growing power of local government." There were many congratulations for the new president, Playfair Pryce, who began life as a Liberal, but recently found a soft place in his heart for those who conserve. The other three officers are all Liberals, and Liberal is almost the only language which one hears spoken within the debating hall. Speakers from the other parties are apt to find the inhabitants unsympathetic to the sounds of a foreign language. The motion was lost, despite the glib tongues of Julian Hall and Denys Lowson; and the Union thus decided not to deplore.

At the New Theatre Mr. Fagan's comedy, "And so to Bed," had a particular interest for Oxford audiences in the fact that Charles II is being played by Gyles Isham, who went down last summer. Gyles Isham, who nominally inhabited Magdalen, was editor of *The Isis,* and president of the O.U.D.S. and the Union—thus achieving "the triple crown." As Charles, of course, he wears only one, and so suffers a distinct loss in the change. Beyond his own performance there was little of interest in the production, but the Merry Monarch could, of course, be trusted to see to it that the ladies got a look-in.

In the Parks the other day took place the Oxford Senior's cricket match, which was remarkable for the big sixth wicket partnership between Fraser and Serrurier, the former making 112 runs, and the latter 100: a partnership which may be described as being distinctly happy.

Recently a number of scantily-clad freshmen leapt into the Merton Street baths and proceeded to race at distances of forty-five yards, ninety yards, and a quarter of a mile. The winner of the two latter events was R. R. R. Brooks, of Worcester, whose skill is such as to lead experienced judges to suspect him of possessing webbed feet. On the same day the University won the first tennis match of the season against Edgbaston, and the captain of tennis, G. S. Fletcher, of Oriel, has displayed enormous enterprise in persuading a number of lawn tennis stars actively to twinkle at the opening of the new courts on the Iffley Road.

I feel sure London will join with me in congratulating the new proctors, E. L. Woodward and E. M. Wrong, upon their accession to office. I can tell you little about them as yet, and reserve all information as to their peculiarities of temper until the unlikely event of my coming across them in their official capacity. One can tell nothing from their private records, since in our valley climate success is so apt to go to the head.

In their first County match Oxford was defeated by eight wickets by the champion county, and the margin would have been extended to an innings but for the gallant stand of McCanlis and Rupert Horsley. The failure of the Oxford batsmen has been chivalrously imputed by *The Times* to the state of the pitch, which, being in a public park, has no defence against such animals as rabbits, and high-heeled shoes. No freshmen were performing, and for two days Oxford was one man short, so the performance was not altogether unworthy, even though the legs of no fewer than five Oxford gentlemen were discovered before their wickets at an inconvenient moment. In the Freshmen's match in the Parks N. A. Loggart and A. T. Barber both made centuries, and the game was drawn. So time is well on the wing.

J. H.

A GROUP IN THE PARKS *Hills and Saunders*

The combined teams in the Oxford *v.* Lancashire match photographed in the Parks. Oxford were beaten by 8 wickets, though in the first innings G. C. Newman, the President of the O.U.A.C., made a good score of 92

CAMBRIDGE

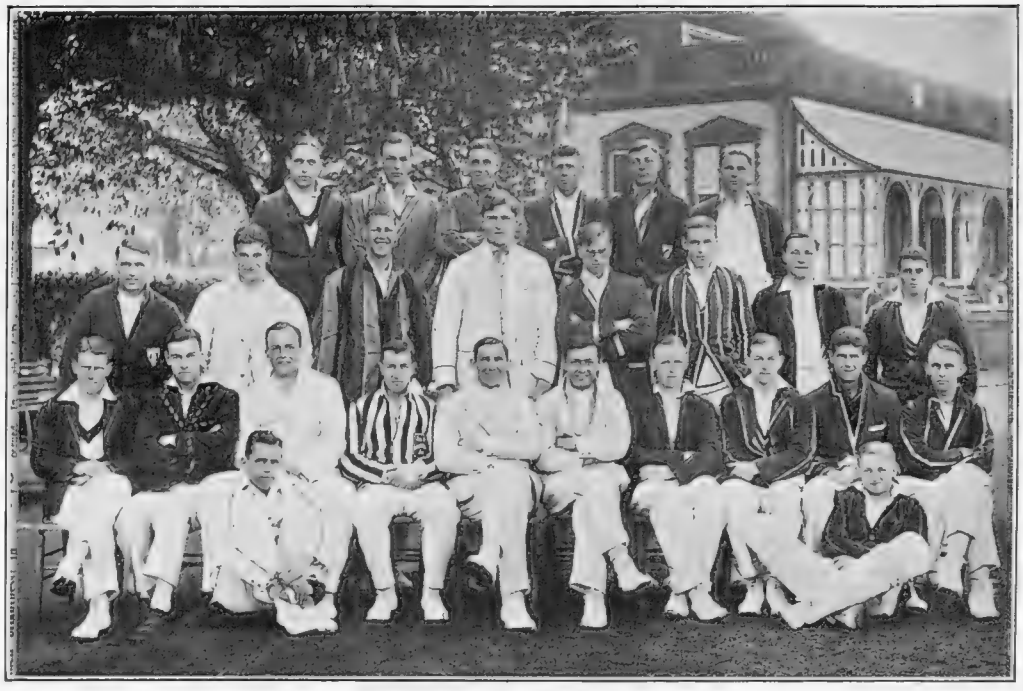
CAMBRIDGE just now is rather a place to be avoided, for this poor old university is now having a three weeks' season as a seat of learning. "Too much work" has become a fashionable and even a plausible, excuse for refusing an invitation. Real live undergraduates can be seen actually at work on the seats outside John's New Court, and it is computed that quite a number of undergraduate rooms are being used for the same purpose. The ill-bred actually bring ponderous tomes on to the river, though even they have the de-

"ALMOST DESERVE THE NAME 'STUDENT'"

cency to leave them alone at the bottom of the punt. Taking it all round, it seems that quite a few of us almost deserve the name "student," that beastly word, which, as someone has said, means nothing in English except in translations of Tchekov.

The reason, dear Bystander, you will find in the University diary. In that invaluable little brochure (no smart undergraduate should be without it!) you will read these words, "May 21, S. Sun rises 4.3, sets 7.50. Nat. Sci. Tripos, Pt. I. begins." There you are, the first Tripos of summer, and thereafter, for a fortnight or more, the whole gang of Triposes will be at large, like roaring lions walking about seeking whom they may devour.

However, it takes a lot to stop us enjoying ourselves, and cricket, rowing, tennis, and other delights (*e.g.*, swimming and shooting) are proceeding apace. The composition of the cricket XI is beginning to get interesting. Dawson by now has spied out most of his possibles and has detected most of his quite-plausible-but-really-quite-impossibles. Obviously, we shall be a strong batting side, but a little bit weak about the bowling, though not nearly so decrepit as the papers tried to make out at the beginning of the term. Dawson has a



THE FRESHMEN'S MATCH AT CAMBRIDGE *Stearn and Sons*

The combined teams photographed at Fenner's, Cambridge. Back row (left): C. de B. Barnard, H. C. H. P. C. Hope, N. U. Coates, A, N. Breton, E. S. Franklin, C. M. Andreae. Second row (left): G. L. O. Jessop, W. E. Hampton, N. W. Wilkinson, A. D. Bonham-Carter, T. C. Worsley, C. H. Schwind, J. D. Campbell, D. S. Cameron. Sitting (left): J. R. Mann, L. R. Proctor, E. D. Blundell, E. T. Killick, F. J. Seabrook, E. W. Dawson, J. T. Morgan, F. M. S. Tigner, S. A. Block, G. E. Pennefather. In front: G. C. Grant, W. G. Morgan

really first-class bowler in Allom, and a good deal of capable material elsewhere.

One of the great joys among the freshmen is J. T. Morgan, of Jesus. He is a good, stolid bat and a slow medium bowler, and apparently was a kind of

R. S. Crisp

A RECORD BREAKER

K. S. Duleepsinhji, the Cambridge batsman, who made the magnificent score of 254 not out against Middlesex. This is the highest score ever made by a Cambridge cricketer at Fenner's, the previous highest being 236 not out by Hubert Ashton against the Free Foresters

infant prodigy at the game, for he was no fewer than five years in the Charterhouse eleven. I will now give you a concise guide to the Morgans in Cambridge cricket, for there are at least three of them at the moment, and the matter is apparently worrying the newspaper men. First, there is "J. T.," the freshman of whom I have been writing. He is the younger brother of—this sounds like the synopsis of a serial—"A. N.," also of Charterhouse and Jesus, who played in the Seniors' match. Lastly, no connection with any other firm of the same name, there is "W. G.," alias Guy, who, though primarily a light of the Rugger world, scintillated also at Fenner's this term, and made a fifty in the Freshmen's match.

Another freshman is E. T. Killick, of St. Paul's. He came up this term with a tremendous Public School reputation, the sort of reputation that maketh the heart of a captain glad, and the soul of a secretary to overflow with fatness. Nevertheless, as low men phrase it, he did dam'-all in the Freshmen's match, and quite properly was not included in the varsity team. However, when Middlesex came to play at Fenner's last week, F. T. Mann put Killick up to play for his side, and he justified himself by making 94 and 42 not out against his own university.

However, that is enough about cricket for the present. D.V., and provided nobody suggests a game of tennis, I shall do some work. For, as the poet sings, *timor tripodis conturbat me.* RAB.

£200
DERBY AND OAKS DOUBLE
(*See page* x)

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

We are told that horseflesh is occasionally served in some of the cheaper restaurants. Now we know what is meant by the phrase, horses for courses.

. . . . . .

Last week an aviator was adjudged bankrupt. He realises at last what it feels like to be "down and out."

. . . . . .

"Joan's frocks mean so much to her."

"Yet they are so little!"

. . . . . .

A contributor writes to say that he finds life very hard. He maintains that when he was thirty he was forgiven; and now that he is fifty he is forbidden.

. . . . . .

Once again we are informed that plants can feel. We have, of course, long been aware that there is such a thing as an itching palm.

. . . . . .

Moreover, it is quite obvious that rhubarb can stick up for itself.

. . . . . .

And They Mean It

Prospective brides, the gossips say,
At dinner, lunch, or psychic séance,
Declare the little word, "obey"
Must evermore be in abeyance!

. . . . . .

An American correspondent states there is no truth in the rumour that the Statue of Liberty is to be used as a petrol-filling station.

. . . . . .

A new star has been discovered. By this time next week we shall probably have learnt what her salary is.

"Can you read my thoughts?"

"Certainly."

"Then why don't you go there?"

. . . . . .

A contemporary states that public holidays are dismal festivals. Yet many will be looking forward to Wit Monday.

. . . . . .

A book has just been published in which the hero is an exponent of jiu-jitsu. It ought to have some novel twists in it.

. . . . . .

Five stowaways were discovered last week at Hull. They now realise that concealment of berth is a serious offence.

. . . . . .

"Your husband is very affectionate. He must have a heart as big as a house."

"He has; and unfortunately there's always someone in the spare room!"

. . . . . .

A Norwich schoolboy last week fell down a disused well, but was unhurt. In future, however, he should be careful to let well alone.

. . . . . .

"One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"That's not your fault, Doris, dear!"

Sa-Se-Si-So-Su!

When my wife begins to complain of my sins,
And to tell me for them I'm past praying,
I meekly retort to remarks of this sort,
"Well, of course, dear, that goes without saying."

There are times when I go to a cinema show,
And a sleepy glow falls o'er my being;
Then my eyes in repose I contentedly close,
And I frequently go without "seeing."

When my daughter's fiancé comes round every night,
And professes affection undying,
I do not complain of her passionate swain,
But I wish he would go without "sighing."

The state of my lawn is all tattered and torn,
With the plantains all merrily growing,
And I murmur, "Alas!" as I gaze at the grass,
But I fear it won't grow without "sowing!"

It is wormwood and gall when a dun comes to call,
For I know that it means my undoing;
How I wish he would "git" with his pestilent writ,
Or in other words, go without "suing."

By Stan Terry

RATHER A STRETCHER!

Polo Player: "Your friend fond of Polo?"
Spectator: "No—er—not exactly—but he likes that kind of collar!"

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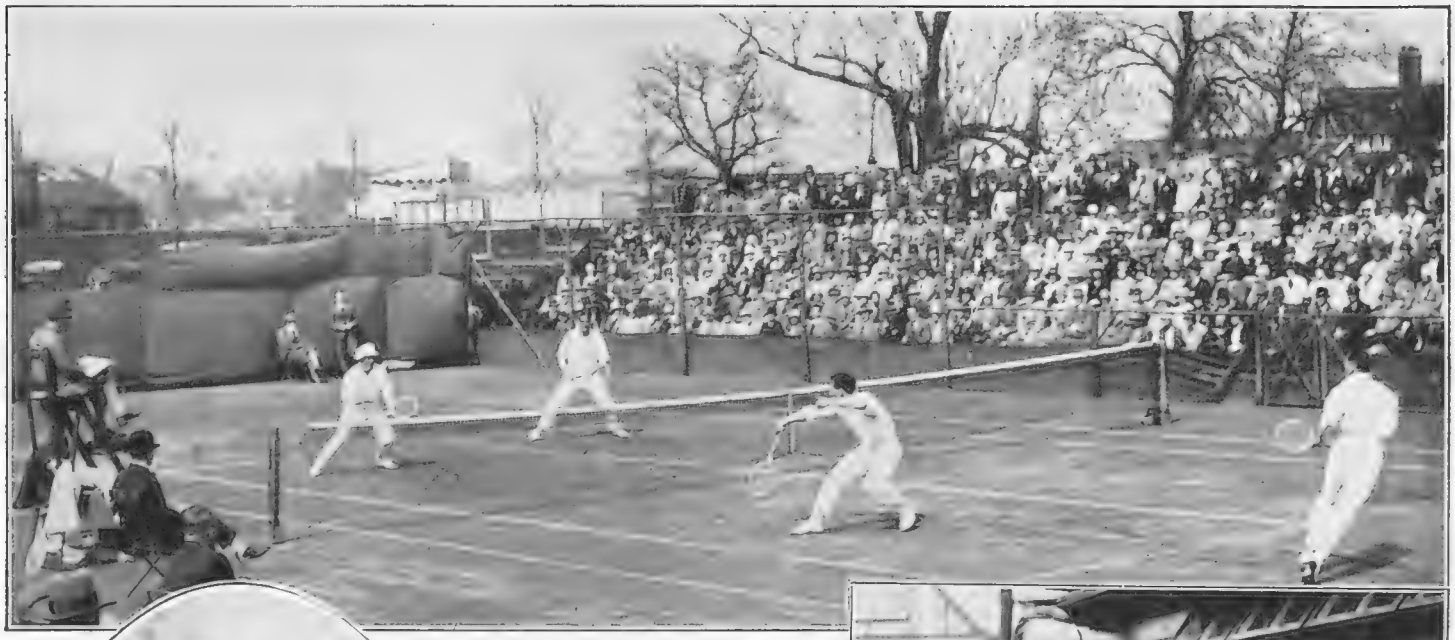

Central News

S. MALMSTRÖM and H. MULLER, of Sweden (left), playing the victors, J. C. GREGORY and L. A. GODFREE

OUR DAVIS CUP WIN

Members of the teams representing Great Britain and Sweden, who met in the first round of the Davis Cup at Birmingham. Great Britain won and must now meet Denmark

Sport and General

C. GARELL (Sweden)

Sport and General

E. HIGGS (Great Britain) (left) and S. MALMSTRÖM (Sweden)

Central News

C. KINGSLEY IN ACTION

more later, there is to be an altitude race. In other words, certain picked officers, in very "picked" and terribly fast machines, will put on their electrically heated kit (very necessary, believe me!), and ascend, almost vertically, into what we hope will be the blue sky, several miles upward and, of course, out of sight.

The winner will be he who climbs highest and descends first. This may not sound very much on paper. But you just wait—and be present on that day if you can. What will appear to you incredible heights, in the time allotted, will be attained; and if you are not thrilled by the sight of these particular machines, and by the sight of the pilots when they come back, then nothing will ever thrill you again!

If it is a hot day "on the floor" you have only to think of the ice-cold they will be experiencing on their "ceilings" to realise a little what seven miles or so up in the blue sky means to mortals.

The Spectator's Peril

A CURIOUS situation arises from the recent judgment given by Mr. Justice Swift against a girl golfer who accidentally hit a girl friend with her club, and had subsequently to pay £150 damages for the injuries caused by indulging in a practice swing.

None of us, it seems, is liable for our own negligence when watching anybody playing any sort of game and receiving a biff in the eye from bat or ball. Hobbs makes a tremendous swipe to the boundary—the ball, in passing, carries away all Mr. So-and-So's false teeth with disastrous effects to them, and Hobbs must pay for the new plate.

The case is a curious one altogether, to my mind, quite apart from the fact that the action was taken into court against a friend. Very odd.

The learned judge having ruled against the striker it should give some of our mighty hitters furiously to think every time a ball from them went among the spectators. And in that event, will the bowler have to pay half the damage—or the Surrey County Cricket Club one-third? And wouldn't the insurance coves simply love it?

It seems to the ordinary individual a preposterous idea, the whole thing!

PENDARVES.

Produced April 19, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

It is not often that a play is improved by being turned into a musical romance; but Mr. Justin McCarthy's well-known story is certainly made more delightful by its picturesque treatment here. After all, in our tenderer moods we associate true romance with moonlight, and dreamy music, and sylvan shades, and the goods are supplied in this production with a completeness that is most exhilarating. There is a fine reckless swing about it all, with its triumphs so close to disasters and its life so near to death; and in spite of the fact that it seems more or less American in its origin, it has clearly been produced by one who has the soul of the artist, and a proper sense of historical values.

The opening scene in the Tavern is a triumph of stage management. Here are rogues and thieves, and ladies of no importance, while even the respected hostess dispenses good liquor that does not appear to have been come by honestly. That's the spirit! I have not a very wide acquaintance with rogues and vagabonds, but the turbulent crowd on the stage impressed me as being a very colourable imitation of the real thing. The underworld of Paris has assembled to greet François Villon on his release from Prison. In due course Villon arrives and calls for wine, explaining that his pockets are empty for the moment, as the opportunity for making money in the prisons of those days appears to have been extremely limited. But mine hostess supplies the liquor without the least hesitation, confident that Villon is the perfect gentleman who will presently go out and steal more than enough to pay for his drinks. This leads up to the Song of the Vagabonds, a fine stirring melody that gives a rosy hue to the hectic scene; and by that time you get a strange longing to let yourself go and join in the chorus.

Stage Photo Co.

IN THE PALACE GARDENS

Katherine de Vaucelles (Winnie Melville) talks with Lady Mary (Betty Eley) in the gardens. Their conversation runs on the only subject which really matters in romantic plays of this—or any—kind

While the unruly revellers are away, in another bar to continue their libations, a courtier sidles through the doorway of the tavern, and, finding the coast clear, announces the fact to his friend outside. His friend proves to be no less a person than Louis XI, King of France. This part is played by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who gives the traditional picture of the shuffling old fellow who was better at double-dealing than at straight fighting. Some of us who are still young in spite of the almanack's cheat, can remember Henry Irving's presentation of the image-worshipping Louis, with which I think Mr. Saintsbury's effort compares most favourably. Louis has heard the seditious François Villon proclaiming aloud what he would do if he were King, and how he would, if necessary, shove the invading Burgundians off the front doorstep single-handed. And Louis is rather curious to see this man of brave words and misdeeds.

Villon has for the moment had a bad lapse. You will have guessed it; it was a

Woman, right enough. As he was reposing at leisure in the gutter after his release from prison, the fair Katherine de Vaucelles passed on her way to Mass, and threw him a glance of sympathy which at once inspired in his susceptible bosom the poetry of love. And presently Katherine herself comes into the tavern, and we find that what is the matter with her is not so much love as business. In short, there will come to the tavern almost immediately a traitor in the pay of the Burgundians, and Katherine will take it as a personal favour if Villon will knife the fellow with fatal effect in the most correct manner that circumstances permit. And for his reward she throws at him a rose she is wearing, and we will assume with poetical licence that the gesture did not have in those days the prosaic and practical significance assigned to it in Lutetia to-day.

The knifing having duly taken place in fair fight, Louis steps into the limelight once more. Since Villon would be King, his desire shall be granted. He shall be made drunk with wine and carried to the palace and scoured clean and dressed for the part. Thus he will be practically King for a day with the clear and definite

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NEW SERIES

NOCTURNES

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK

No. I

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

"But the naughty night club is fighting for its life"

PEOPLE are saying "the night club is doomed." And it is true that a change is taking place upon the night face of London. But nocturnal wanderers, and particularly those who are in bed every night by 11 p.m., and so know nothing about it, still persist in describing, loosely and erroneously, every place where one dances after the theatre as a "night club," and the tone is tinged with contempt. There are still a few Night Clubs thriving on the patronage of the nicest possible people, as I shall presently show in this series, and I have given them capital letters because their behaviour, surroundings, and success deserve them.

But the naughty night club is fighting for its life with a flagging pulse. There are still one or two surreptitious places where you can go, having parked the car discreetly in the next street, cajole an entry with a bribe—"membership" being a mere matter of form—drink inferior liquor at a superior price, run the risk of being raided at any moment (*so* pleasant for your lady), and inhale extremely vitiated air for a couple of hours and think you are being a helofafeller.

Presently these will go the way of all the others. Though one or two of the offending variety may have still to take the count, there are very few now left which can get away with the after hours business for long. In the main this avenue for foreigners to get rich quickly out of our pockets is closing in upon them—much to their discomfiture and to the betterment of our health.

The "good" clubs, which start seeing life only at 11 p.m.—and there are not many of them nowanights—thrive because, for the moment, they are filling a definite need to a definite few. In them you can dance until the daylight hours—as long, in fact, as there are couples enough on the floor to warrant the continuance of the tired band. Being "good" means that, except on the night when there is an "extension of licence" (more difficult for the managements to obtain every month), you have got to drink soul-clogging "soft" drinks. Now people, men especially, are getting rather tired of sitting up half the night with bottles of tonic water and slices of lemon. The "party spirit," reared between 9 p.m. and midnight, begins to wear a little thin at the edges towards 2 a.m.; the ill-suppressed yawn struggles for supremacy on the face; and people begin asking each other, "I say, isn't it awfully late?" That remark represents the writing on the wall of most of the clubs that try to build up a business on oranges and lemons.

"London wants a change"

A very wise man from the East said to me the other night as he gazed morosely at a thinly populated room and the band blared "*Yes*, Sir, She's Ma Baby. *Yes*, Sir . . ." and I fought with my fifteenth yawn, "I can't make anything out of ginger ale in a couple of hours, with a hundred a week for the something band, subscriptions eaten up by the rent, and ten couples on the floor: *there isn't time.*"

I wanted to reply, "You used to live on *our* drinks, *vide* those lovely pearls in your piqué shirt; we cannot live on *yours* for any length of time. That seems to be the position, old man." But he had just stood me a Vichy water, and as a guest to a host, don't you know. . . .

Other wise men—not from the East—have been observing keenly this writing on the wall for some time, and have not been idle. They have said, in effect, "People are beginning to tire of dancing in fœtid cellars; they will all be burned to death in some of these places if ever there is a bad fire; they are getting annoyed by entrance fees and subscriptions paid for a year, with dress-shirt-fronted policemen walking in six weeks afterwards. They want to feel

they can go where they like, when they like; and they don't care tuppence whether the place is called a 'Club' or not. London wants a change. We will give it to them."

Consequently a prodigious sum of money has recently been spent in fostering this changeful attitude on the part of the London night-lighter. The business brain, however, does not invest its capital in great lumps unless it has some extremely good reason to suppose that it is backing the right horse. And one right horse, anyhow, has been pirouetting to some purpose in Coventry Street, London, W., for a very long time, and all these rich men have sat there and marvelled and coveted.

I suppose there has never been in all the history of London's Night Lights so egregiously successful a place as the *Café de Paris*. A restaurant, obeying the laws of licence, and a dance floor, open to the world. But the most *récherché* of clubs, inasmuch as a suave tact on the part of specialists at their jobs round the doors keeps unpleasant people out, and two outstandingly charming personalities in Poulsen and Robin Humphries ruling within, keep the pleasant people pleased so that they clamour to come again, no matter where they have to sit. When you have succeeded in making a place so popular that you are packed full every night for months on end you are then, as the saying is, on velvet.

As far as one can see, there is no reason why the nap should ever wear off this "Cafidepari" velvet. And covetous members of syndicates, with money to burn, look down from the glowing gallery of this astounding place and ask themselves, "Why is it?"

It is "atmosphere," gentlemen—which, being interpreted, signifies warmth without heat; gaiety without stridency; a band that is not blatant; a meal that is perfect; a bill that is fair; and a knowledge of your job.

So they go away. But not far; along the same road merely: and with infinite care, great zeal, and an abiding patience carve (out of solid gold) their own atmospheres elsewhere. For to them the writing on the wall looms large.

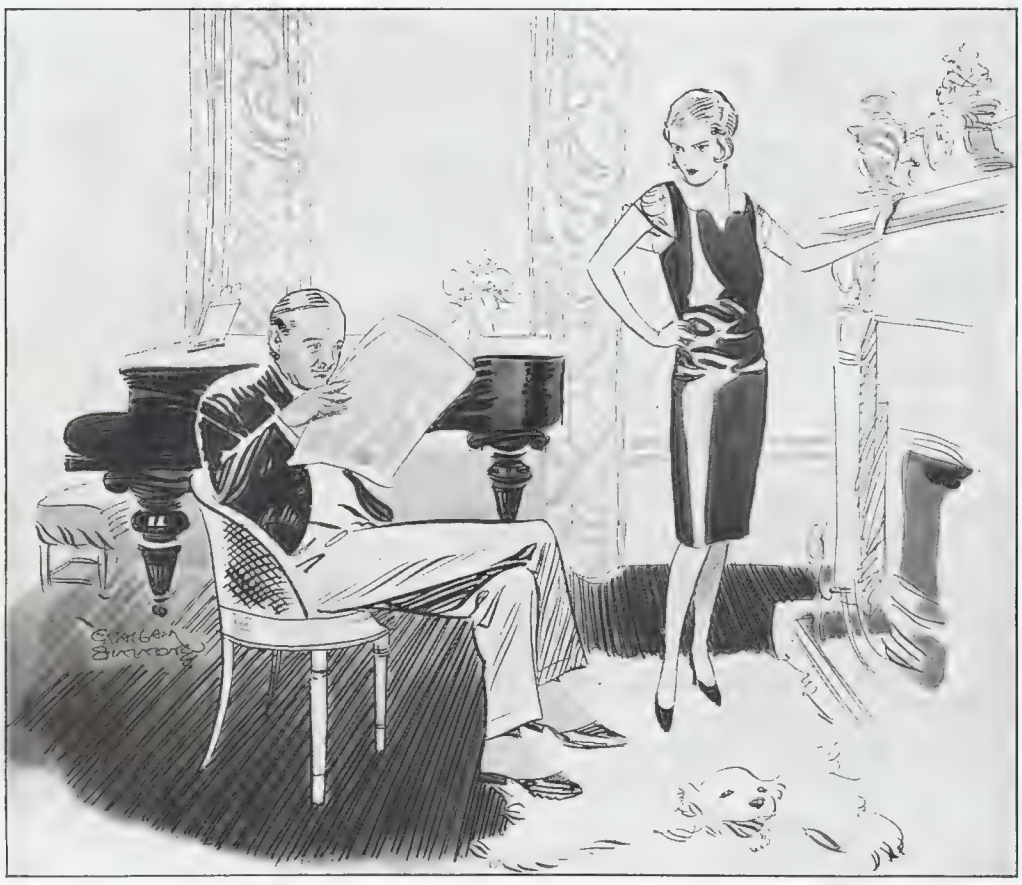
One such syndicate hails from Yorkshire. They came a longish time ago, bringing their sheaves of experience with them. They acquired one of the eyesores of the War—that hideous apparition of rusting steelwork which peered into Piccadilly grotesquely—and they covered it with a very beautiful hotel. A hotel we have all been looking for; where the extreme of comfort blends with an artistry of decoration that is a joy to see; where every man has his own bathroom, and no man should grumble at his bill. A hotel, in fact, which is invariably full despite its size, as a good hotel should be.

And then the syndicate, having stamped loyally the Yorkshire Rose upon all its plate and crockery, turned its attention to its ballroom. At this point I, metaphorically, take off all my hats one after the other. Having been, I suppose, into every dance room of note (and many of no note!) in Europe, I can honestly say this is the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is an education in good decorative taste. It has the most wickedly alluring carpet, for one thing, all about its stairs and galleries. I can only describe it as a mixture of impulsive orange, naughty green, and repentant brown. But it follows you about, egging you on, as it were: most disturbing and delicious.

It requires an artist, not a writer, to do justice to this most lovely room. Certain of its attributes, however, parts of a perfect whole, remained with me vividly in the homeward-bound taxi. An enormous lamp on high, reminding me curiously of an old Tudor bed: an odd simile, but you will see what I mean one night. Huge sedan chairs covering the service doors: pale mauve lamps from Italy paying shy homage to the Tudor bed; a very cute clock in the gallery, which is there for the last-train-catcher, but is somehow nowhere at all for him who takes no count of time; black and white filigree panels in the walls, hiding deftly matters of ventilation; a gargantuan mirror that is a marvel of glasswork; even the word "Exit" in lemon and pink lights over a jade-green door is a work of art. A most excellent band; a cabaret that can sing to you, and not scream at you, the best show of its kind in London. What more can the night-lighter want than all this?

If a man wants more than the Park Lane can give him; if a woman wants a lovelier background than this for her loveliness—then one must give up hope of "a far, far better place" for our dancing than the old-time cellar in Soho. But when the alert Londoner has entered this room—it has hardly had time yet to get known and appreciated—and absorbed its attractions, some of these cellars will have seen their patrons for the very last time.

E. P. L.-B.



By Graham Simmons

A SHORT ANSWER

She: "What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?"
He: "A magician!"

BY BEVAN PETMAN

"In the Spring a young man's fancy . . ."

"IN AND OUT CLEV

This year is the Jubilee of the Royal Tournament at Olympia, and above is seen a striking picture of one of the most popu
to gain entrance, so it is up t

VER" AT OLYMPIA

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

oular events on the programme—the Musical Drive by M Battery of the R.H.A. Last year 20,000 ticketless people failed to the public to book early

BY JACK GORDGE

THE PEARL DIVER

A STATION DINNER

By CAPT. J. F. J. FITZPATRICK

Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"SWEETHEARTS and Wives—*and* May They Never Meet," that was our toast always at the weekly Station Dinner at Zaria. They tell me that it is properly a Naval toast—as indeed it may well be—and that we bush-dwellers in the hinterland of the White Man's Grave had no right to use and honour it.

Very likely so; I don't suggest that we had any "right" in the matter: we just liked the form of it, and with the sentiment of it we bothered not much. Those of us that had wives had no sweethearts, and those that had sweethearts did not have any wives: not like sailors. Everybody knows what sailors are, especially the sort they have in the Navy: why, poetry has been written about their all-embracing-ness; songs, too.

There were no white women in Zaria, and normally not more than a dozen white men—the W.A.F.F. Officers, the Doctor, a brace of Engineers, and two or three Politicals—quite a small community. There was plenty of work: we met most afternoons at five-ish, and played tennis on a court that was harder in some places than in others, a court made of ant heaps broken down, carried over, and beaten flat with staves. Or we did some pretty fierce polo on country-bred ponies, entires, excelling rather as kickers and biters than at galloping.

The Doctor and I usually did a little golf on a six-hole course of my own making. It wandered about the polo ground, and going to the fourth green you had to carry the tennis court—a sporting little course, albeit dead flat. But the hazards were great—polo *and* tennis, and pretty hot-tempered fellows playing in those hazards.

They had their revenge on the M.O. and me, those others, by roping us in for polo every now and then. It was all very well for them to shout and lose their tempers and bully us because our ponies stood over the ball. Our so standing didn't damage anybody, whereas time and again we were banged and barged and cannoned all over the place by ponies and riders who did *not* stand over the ball. Their ponies used to bite ours, too. More than once we were unhorsed by some wild fellow on a wild pony charging where the ball had gone away from.

Those polo games mostly ended in our riding off the ground singly to our quarters, bruised not less in spirit than in our vile bodies. Quarters in Zaria were well separated, two or three hundred yards apart. When a Governor came to look over the Station and asked whether we didn't find that men living so far apart made for friction, he was told that where there was no contact there *could* be no friction.

Certainly, after polo, and sometimes after the Doctor and I had had a bad afternoon with the golf hazards, that

"'Festive' blew a little on the hunting-horn"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

isolation of quarters saved life. If the lot of us had had to go and sit and cool off in houses that touched there would have been bloodshed.

On Saturdays, at 8 p.m., we dined together—the Station Dinner. We had no mess, and the practice was for each of us in turn to dine the rest. It meant borrowing cutlery and crockery and things, but that didn't matter. In every Station these things are really in a pool—the servants are always lending and borrowing their master's gear. So when you go to dine at the Bynnes's you are quite likely to see the guest at your side working away with knives and forks and things that bear your own crest, or initials, or other identification marks.

At seven-thirty-ish on Dinner nights men in mess kit and decorations began to gather. Picking their ways they came along the winding paths, each attended by a servant in front with lamp, and an orderly behind with odds and ends. Standing at your door watching them you thought of fireflies weaving through the tropic night. . . . Sherry and bitters, cocktails, everybody standing about. That freshly laundered white mess kit never looks the same once it's been sat down in.

Those gatherings always used to remind me of a musical comedy chorus, except that there were no pretty ladies, and we didn't get in a line and sway and sing. The white shell jackets, white overalls strapped over shining black wellingtons—we could have walked-on in any song-and-dance show and been right in the picture, so long as we didn't start acting.

The posh dinner in the White Man's Grave is a pretty fearsome affair, so far as the viands are concerned. Perhaps that is why men fortify themselves: "Well, all right. Just one more short one"—before starting on it.

The menu is always the same: *Hors d'œuvres,* mixed, out of a tin. Soup, squares of solidified soup with a little hot or hottish water added. Salmon cutlet, which is tinned salmon hammered into little hard flat cakes, sometimes with yam mixed in. Roast chicken, which is African hen—and in regard to *that,* words fail me. Tinned peas. Tinned runner beans. A meat course—African meat. Some say that the mutton is more durable, more defeating, than the beef; others, like Shafari, are of the contrary opinion. Tinned potatoes. Tinned asparagus. Custard pudding—egg powder and tinned milk. A fruit salad—one tin apricots, one of pears, one of pineapple—thrown together in a bowl with a spot or two of gin. Savoury—cod or herring roe, tinned.

One night we were two short at dinner. An Engineer and one of the Politicals had been bickering all the week, and what with sending chits back and forth, and one thing and another, had gotten to the point at which they decided they couldn't, wouldn't meet socially. Thanks to the poisonous climate, and the food and other things, we all used to bite each other pretty freely, but Saturday's Station Dinner saw us all friends again. The Henderson-Bell feud was therefore a thing at once new and nasty in our midst.

At 11 p.m., with everybody in a pleasant gentlemanly glow, a gramophone going, some conversational bridge, clouds of smoke, and all matey-like, we hated to think of these two poor fools sitting sulking solitary in their houses.

So presently, on the orders of a very happy soldier man known as "Festive," we took action to end the feud. Ponies were ordered round, and there was a great waking up of "boys" to go and find grooms and warn them to bring their charges.

"Festive" told us off into two parties: one he commanded himself: the leading of the other he delegated to "Costive"—also a soldier and a very good fellow. Those two were not related, but carried the same surname. Hence their very convenient nicknames . . . I rode with "Costive's" party, to the house of Bell, whilst "Festive" led his commando to Henderson's place.

The typical Zaria house was a large, tall, round structure of mud, with a thatched roof, and holes, some larger than others, for doors and windows. It stood in an acre of compound, and well clear of it were shacks which were kitchen, stores, stables, and servants' quarters. These compounds were scattered all about the level ground, with straggly paths, lots of shabby little hedges and dozens of ditches.

"Festive" blew a little on the hunting horn that he'd carried over half the world, and we moved off. Not at all sedately. The ponies didn't like being pulled out at that time of night: being out, they found in the horn noise, the other noises, the proximity of other ponies, *and* the chill air, incitement to play-up.

Being nearest to "Costive," when his mount took him straight into the house of Bell, I rode in also, ducking just in time to dodge the roof. Bell was a-bed, camp bed in the middle of the hut, mosquito-netted. He sat up, switched on an electric torch, looked rather like a dressed fowl in a meat safe. Others of our party came shoving in, which was as well, because when the ponies are packed really tight they can't kick much.

Young Bell seemed surprised, but his idea of discussing things came to nought. He was told not to be an ass, to turn out forthwith, produce us one Pink Gin per each, get on some clothes and his horse, and come with us to the polo ground, there to be instantly reconciled to comrade Henderson.

The lad did as he was bid, got his servants hopping round, we drank his health, and rode with him, all merry, to the rendezvous. "Festive's" cohort arrived on the ground as we did, raced us across, and won.

The two excuses for our little midnight forcible enterings on horseback shook hands, were friends. Servants came hurrying, a fire was made, tins were opened, sardines were red-peppered, laid out on warmed biscuits, and passed round—with a very large jug of beer. . .

The food finished—so did the beer. Yet the moon still shone, the ponies were there, the night was sweeter than ever, there was no sort of reason for breaking up the party. "Festive" blew his horn some more. People who write have set down much eloquence, have expressed no end of beautiful thoughts about the noise of the huntsman's horn. They have called it music, as no doubt it is. Music is all sorts—jazz, and natives drumming, and saxophone. It's a mistake to think that "music" means a *nice* noise. Nowadays it merely means a noise, *any* noise.

Nevertheless, I disliked that hunting horn noise: it always gave me a pain. It disturbed the local dog also, all of him. "Pi" dogs they were—native dogs, greyhoundy beasts, mangy, thievish, vicious, cowardly, night-slinkers, horrid. And bark—lordy, how they could bark! Skulking in the shadows they opened up their faces and fairly let themselves go. Some, winding the sardines, no doubt, adventured into the open.

"And what's the matter with a little hunt?" says "Costive." "To horse, *mes amis.*"

The "Pi" dogs seemed to appreciate at once that they had a part to play. Down went their tails, away they slicked. Through hedge and ditch we tore, went through the Station like a roaring tornado. Clear of the Station the line of mad horses and madder riders carried on across open *veld*: Zaria's "Pi's" never had such a night in their lives.

All good times end: about a mile of open, on top of that jumping, brushing, scrambling nightmare in amongst the compounds pumped the ponies, and we turned about. Not so the "Pi's." They continued on their ways, and stayed out all night: some were gone for days: some never came home at all. "Festive," on drawing rein, brayed his horn at them speeding.

At the polo ground we halted, sang "Auld Lang Syne," cheered the Zaria Hunt, and went off quietly home—all friends, especially Henderson and Bell.

J. F. J. F.

Tilly of—Terpsichore

Peter North

MISS TILLY BRISSON

Whose acrobatic dancing with Brother Carl is one of the most popular features of that successful show, "The Apache." This musical play is still scoring heavily at the Palladium

If Short Hair Had Been in

LADY ELIZABETH CONWAY BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

LADY BLESSINGTON BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

It is interesting to conjecture what the effect of the modern fashion of wearing the hair short would be on the famous beauties question, but the above photographs of portraits by Old Masters side by side with impressions of how the sitters

Vogue in the Old Masters' Day

FLORA BY TIZIANO

PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY BY VELASQUEZ

of the past. Whether "woman's crowning glory" suffers or benefits by the modern innovations in hairdressing is an open might appear to-day should prove interesting. We shall be pleased to hear our readers' opinions on this matter

"CUT OUT" FOR THEIR WORK

Photographs *Sasha*

Four scenes from "The Adventures of Prince Achmed," a new German film, in which all the "actors" are silhouette figures cut out of paper, their movements being produced by almost unbelievably patient arrangement and rearrangement by the producers, Carl Koch and Lotte Reinger, who, with this novel picture, have opened up new possibilities in screen art. The film has been presented by the Film Society at the New Gallery

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

"He are not gone to the Antipodes by return of post, but to Brighton"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

IT are more in sorrow as with anger that I shoulder my pen to regretfully inform that Hon. Editor of BYSTANDER has proved himself to only have feet of clay like a painted reed or other whited sepulchre. Enormously as I should love to conceal in my secret bosom his poltroonish behaviours, I feel it are my pleasantless duty as a public *literati* to brazen the awful truth which, I cannot doubt to suppose, must cause all proper-thinking persons to pale with horror at. It will be remembered that I proposed him the honour to challenge the Editor of "The Investing Persons' Pictorial" to a duel till death because of the forgiveless affrontings which saidly Editor had put me under in his so corrupt, vile and non-hygienic gutter-press rag. Instead of hooping for joy at this so esteemed privilege, he sent me more quick as you could say "knife," the as follows paltryish excusing which would not suffice to deceive a non-born infantine:—"Dear Mr. Y. Hama:—Not anything would cause me to evoke more pleasure or gusto as to fight the Editor of 'The Investing Persons' Pictorial' in a duel. But exceedingly non-fortunately I have just been inform that my 2 aged aunts in the Antipodes are enjoying a very fatal illness. This must necessitate I should leave Grt. Britain by return of post, otherwisely they will bequest all their assets and other perks to a lost home for canines and cut me out with a 1/-."

"The Umboboe medical person was taking my tooth measurements with a ft. rule"

I shall not demean my pen by depicting any commentings on this so base, non-scrupulous, skulkish and pitifully truthless lie which should cause to raise a blush on the most sordid cheek. But I are inform by very authentic authority that (1) he has not any aged aunts in the Antipodes; (2) if he had, they would not be enjoying a fatal illness; (3) even if they were, they do not possess any assets or perks and (4) he are not gone to the Antipodes by return of post, but to Brighton.

The abovesaidly facts speak more as volumes for themselves and I shall not add 1 word to them, but leave him to enjoy the bitter fruits of his so base ingratitudes. More I shall not deign to say, and only trust to piously hope that this ancestorless person who has basked himself in the shadow of my brilliant talents like a serpent in the bosom, will wake up to discover 1 fine day that he are less as the rust which never stains my pen. I shall now leave this non-pleasant subject, pausing to only point out that my 2-nds are at saidly person's disposal per day or night and can be

obtained on demand. The rest is silents. It are only fair to add that I have receive the as follows letter by wireless: "Kindly to save me 10,000 shares in the Umboboe Lands and Developments Syndicate which I regard to be the most splendid investing of the 20-st century and much more safe as houses or War Savings Stamps. Yours obediently, Sir Winstone C——" (This testimonial are warranted to be entirely non-solicited.)

I shall now decant some more portions of my so famous diary. I had hoped to depict the so awful combat between the Umboboes *v.* against the Hottentot Indians in this instalments, but the abovely correspondents has necessitated I should reserve this epochal masterpiece till nextly week.

Feb. 16rd. Before I could ejacule "Jack's Robinson," the Umboboe medical person was taking my tooth measurements with a ft. rule.

"Have we a tooth-slave in stock with the requisite size eating-molars?" requeshed Hon. Chief.

"O yes, your Royal Majesty, we always keep more as a few out-sizes in stock. I will cause 1 to be slayed and his molars shall be fitted to Hon. *literati* in so quick as 2 shakes of a lamb's tail," responsed the medical M.D.

"It are very curious fact, Mr. Hama, that no so long ago as 2 or 3 days before last, the court soother and star-reading person prognosed that a very noble stranger, more handsome as a Latin Apollo, should make visit Umboboeland and nuptial the Crown Princess Mimosa who are more beautiful as a nosegay and more rich as Sir Henry H. Ford," said Hon. Chief.

"Left the banquetings-hall with a hoop of joy"

"This sounds to be a very genius prognostic," I impopped. "But should it not be a goodish idea to produce saidly Mimosa for my inspections before nuptialing? I should not very much love to nuptial a pig in a poke."

"That are indeedly so, Mr. Hama, and proves to show you have prudents and other A.1 virtues. While the tooth-slave are having his molars pulled out, I will cause the Hon. Mimosa to appear."

Hon. Chief impopped an order in the Umboboe tongue and 1 of the fierce man-eating savages left the banquetings-hall with a hoop of joy.

"That," Hon. Chief explained, "are because he will see the princess for the 1-st and last time. She are so lovely that not any Umboboe man can look at her face without immediately dying for love. Kindly to observe the so numerous skulls, scalps and other tasteish decorations on the walls. They all 1-ce belonged to persons who saw the Hon. Mimosa and perished on the spot."

"Perhapsly it should be more better for me to see this so luscious princess in 2 or 3 more days hencely," I made to suggest. "I are still feeling more as a little weak from my sufferings in the desert."

"Alasly, Mr. Hama, it are a very great etiquette rule that 1-ce a person has wished to see the princess, he must do so at no matter how awful costs, otherwisely he will suffer to have his head decapitated *instanter*. If you will kindly to observe the other side of the banquetings-hall, you will notice a biggish pile of what look to be cokernuts. But they are not vegetable cokernuts, only the dried 1's of persons who have requeshed to see the Hon. Mimosa and then all of a suddenly changed their minds. But kindly to shush, for here comes the royal Princess Mimosa, the future Queen of the Umboboes!"

(What succeeded to happen when I cast my gaze on the Hon. Mimosa? Did I nuptial her or was I defuncted on the spot? You should not on any account afford to miss my nextly extractions which are non-paralleled for their breathless excitements.)

Yogo Hama

FULL SAIL ON THE THAMES *Central News*

A picturesque scene at Teddington when the Canoe Club held their recent meeting. The number of "jolly watermen" who sail on the Thames is steadily increasing and they have taken full advantage of the recent spell of glorious weather

An "Open" Question in the U.S.A.

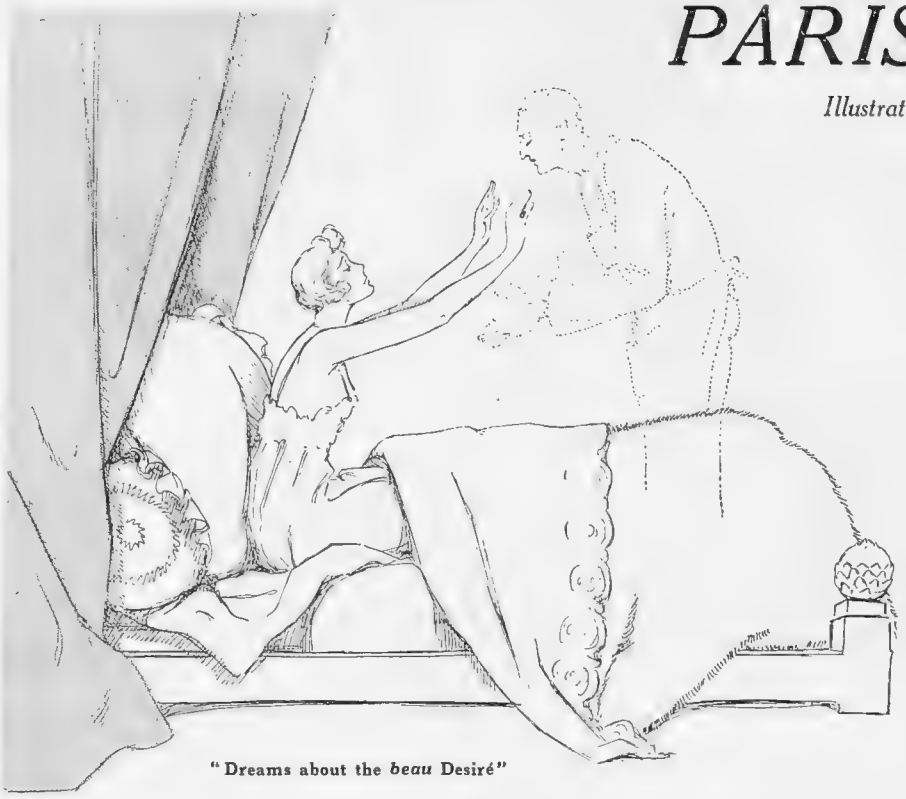
BY MAC

Our artist's impressions of the British golfers who next Saturday leave for the U.S.A. to compete in the Open Championship and the Ryder Cup. Abe Mitchell is the skipper of this band of golf stalwarts, who will play as a team against the Americans in the Ryder Cup

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN



"Dreams about the *beau* Desiré"

Mes Amis,—

In a week which placed first-nighters under the necessity, on two or three evenings, of being in at least two, and sometimes three, theatres at once if they were to keep abreast of the new plays, the place of honour was easily captured by Sacha Guitry, whose *rentrée* was brilliant. If Sacha's trip to the United States had upset him in any way, of which I have no evidence, his "repose" on the Riviera, which consisted in writing a new comedy, *Desiré,* has done him a lot of good and brought joy to us. In the opinion of Paris generally, including those *bien difficiles* critics, this is one of the best things that the gifted Sacha has ever done, which is the superlative in compliments.

Moreover, in the writing M. Guitry, who has promised a return visit to the Americans despite his lack of *pieds de marin,* appears to have kept his left eye on the American censor, for *Desiré* might even be staged in susceptible Birmingham; and this is of importance to you as Sacha and Mlle. Printemps like to pass an annual "season" in London, and it is advantageous that there should be no difficulties with the censorship.

Desiré, superbly played by M. Guitry himself, is a modern Ruy Blas. A valet of the ideal standard of intelligence, and *beau garçon* in the bargain, his weakness is his inflammable temperament. In several previous situations, we learn, the infatuation for his *patronnes,* which he has been unable to subdue, has been the cause of his departure, regretted, and consolingly remunerated. His new mistress, Mlle. Odette Cléry, hears of one episode when she telephones for verification of a reference and decides against engaging him, but he pleads that Madame is not "his type," and survives.

It is not that Odette had any personal qualms, but she is counting on realising marriage with her *ami* Montignac, the Ministre des Postes, during the holiday at Deauville, and this is not the time to risk complications. They come all the same, however, for Desiré's inflammability is incurable, and when Odette (Mlle. Printemps) becomes obsessed to the point of dreams about the *beau* Desiré and the Ministre des Postes is called to Paris by a ministerial crisis, it seems ninety-nine to one on another *affaire.* But this is where Sacha's left eye takes its close-up of the forbidding censor, and just when the Parisian public has been anticipating bedroom scenes the author accomplishes a delicate pirouetting movement. Such a *dénouement* could not possibly be achieved successfully by any but a talented craftsman, but Sacha Guitry is a talented craftsman, and Paris found it *ravissant. Enfin,* the acting is worthy of the play.

'Twere better, probably, to give next place in order to *Cotillon III,* produced at the Gaité-Lyrique, because it is a French operette, and Paris has been somewhat resentful lately over the number of Anglo-American musical plays

(Continued on page 326)

"His weakness is his inflammable temperament"

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

LAUNDRY LANGUAGE.

"You expect me to dine with the Simpkins' to-night
Though my clothes are in rags and my shirts never white,
And you talk about Wifely Devotion !—
I've been slaving all day just to pay for your frocks
Yet you won't stir a finger to cherish my socks—
Why I married I haven't a notion."

. . . . .

"See these sabre-toothed collars no savage would wear—
If they sever an artery—what do you care ?
This is hardly a moment for smiling—
An Abdulla ? Delicious ! *You bought them for me ?*
I'm contented then, Darling, a scarecrow to be
With a Wife and a Smoke so beguiling."

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
TURKISH EGYPTIAN VIRGINIA

presented here, with the implication that Paris was incapable of providing a seriously rivalling French operette. *Cotillon III*, therefore, was assured of a very sympathetic welcome even had it been only passing fair, but it happens to be quite good. So there is reason for us all to be pleased. I see no cause why British and American authors should be jealous, as there is plenty of room for all the good operettes.

S

Cotillon III, which is the work of MM. Alphaud and Maudru, of the well-known theatrical daily *Comœdia*, deals with the favourites of Louis XV. He has just lost Mme. de Pompadour, and there is a semi-official search for a successor. The over-astuteness of Richelieu mixes things up so thoroughly among three candidates, the Baronne de la Garde, Annette Montclars from Provence, and Jeanne Vaubernier, that they appear inextricable, but *tout s'arrange*, according to history, and Jeanne Vaubernier becomes the *accueillante* Mme. du Barry.

"Accused him of being the husband who had abandoned her"

For Paris, however, it is the music of M. Henri Casadesus which is the supreme joy of the production. Even such an authority as Pierre Lalo is in raptures "because it has nothing of English, nothing of American, nothing of Viennese and nothing of negro, but is the most naturally and prettily French." It is what the Parisians like to call *musique chantante*, utterly remote from Charleston and fox-trot, yet full of life and gaiety, and in addition to masterly orchestration it is excellently sung, particularly by Mlle. Denya. Paris is really enthusiastic about *Cotillon III*. I do not remember when there was so much delight over two stage productions in one week as that displayed about *Cotillon III* and *Desiré*.

S

Yet this pleasure over the home product has not detracted in any way from the success of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's comedy, adapted under the title of *Fanny et ses Gens*, which began, in an atmosphere of compliments, what promises to be a noteworthy run at the charming little Théâtre Daunou despite the critics' over-employment of the favourite word "puerile."

S

Reference to the other four or five new plays of the week must be held over in presence of the menace to the security of the adult male for which a precedent has been established in one of the French provincial towns. A man who was peacefully riding to a business appointment in a tramway-car suddenly found himself unpleasantly conspicuous because a woman passenger accused him of being the husband who had abandoned her. Although he explained that he did not know the woman and had never even been married to anybody, she was so insistent that the remainder of the passengers took her part.

S

The woman would not let him escape, and, insisting that it would be easy to prove her assertion by certain tattoo marks on the body, the man had to go to the nearest police-station and strip, whereupon, as he was innocent of tattoo marks, the woman calmly said, "Apres tout, ce n'est pas lui," and walked off. But this establishes that if any woman likes to be awkward she has only to accuse the first man of being her ex-husband, who has a beauty-spot somewhere under his waistcoat, and the poor fellow will be under the necessity of posing like Phryne before the police authorities and in the presence of the accuser. A most embarrassing prospect!

René.

'A most embarrassing prospect!"

Natural Tone——

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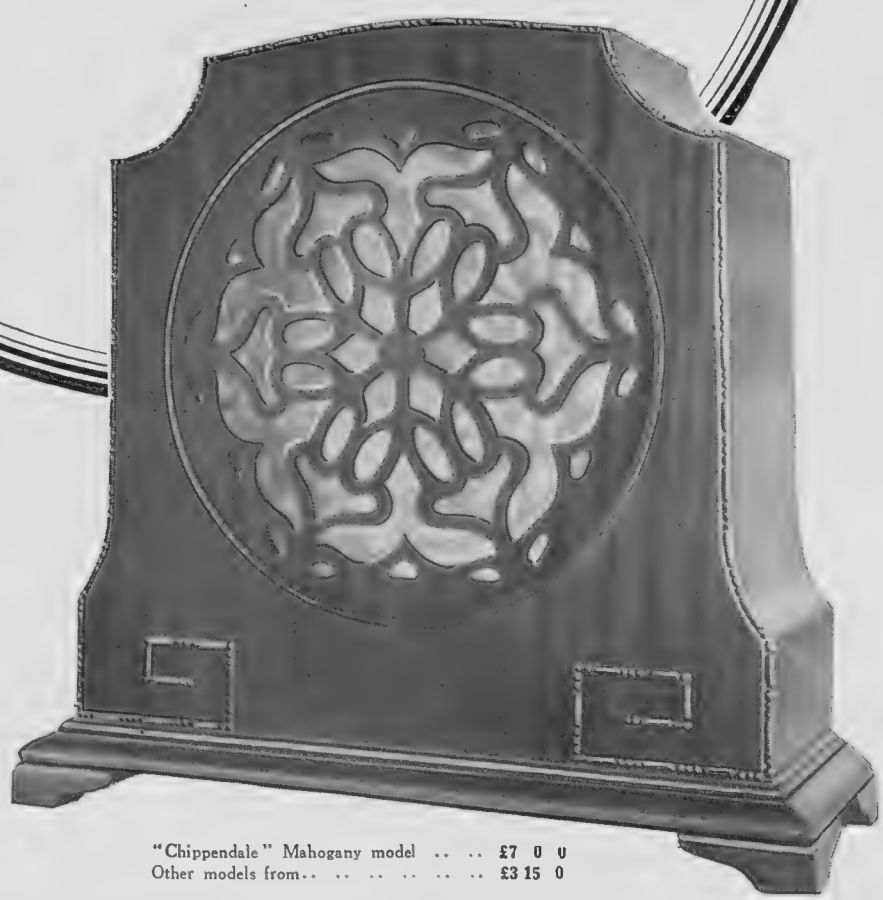

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¶ A cone diaphragm made, *not of paper* but of *strong seamless* material, acoustically correct and entirely impervious to changes in temperature and climate—a vital point.

¶ A system of construction which possesses all the qualities inherent to cone speakers without any of the common defects, thus affording extraordinarily lifelike and natural results

¶ A carefully considered and well balanced design such as to eliminate the necessity for a special amplifier; in effect the AMPLION CONE gives—*on any ordinary receiving set*—remarkable fidelity in reproduction

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Mabel Robey.

Protect your Face Neck and Hands from SUN & WIND

The famous Pond's method.

Whenever your skin needs cleansing use *Pond's Cold Cream.* After you return from an outing and always at night before retiring, pat it generously over the surface of your face, neck and hands. Let it stay on for a few moments that its soft fine oils may sink down into the cells, bringing to the surface all dust, dirt and face powder. Then remove cream and dirt together. If your skin has been long exposed to the sun and wind, leave a little *Pond's Cold Cream* on after the bedtime cleansing until the morning.

After every cleansing with *Pond's Cold Cream,* except the bedtime one, apply *Pond's Vanishing Cream.* It vanishes, leaving an exquisitely smooth surface. Your powder goes on more evenly and lingers longer. And, more important still, you can go out now without apprehension for your skin. Sun and wind cannot harm you when you are protected by *Pond's Vanishing Cream.*

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER.

Try for yourself this delightful, effective method. The proprietors will send, for twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing, A TRIAL TUBE of both creams. All chemists and stores sell *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Pond's Vanishing Cream,* in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6, and in tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1/. The Cold Cream also in extra large jars, 5/-, and in extra large tubes, 2/6.

Valuable hints from MISS GLADYS MONCRIEFF

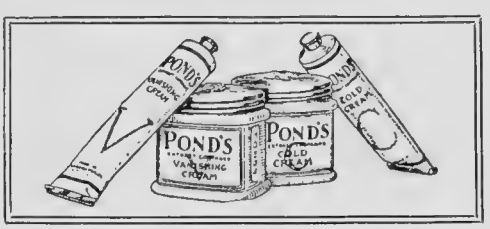
The Blue Mazurka

The singing of Miss Gladys Moncrieff is helping to add another to the long succession of Daly's Musical Comedy successes. The plot of the "Blue Mazurka" revolves around Miss Moncrieff's happiness, despair and once again happiness. Her wonderful voice gives moving expression to her emotions and does full justice to the lovely melodies that cloak them.

Miss Moncrieff is interested—in common with most women at this season—in the effect of exposure of the complexion to hot sunshine and the summer breezes. She wants a healthy colour—but dreads redness or roughness of the skin. So Miss Moncrieff advises women who share these feelings to do as she does—protect the skin by continual use of *Pond's Vanishing Cream.*

"It is delightfully cooling and soothing—and I find it renders even a delicate skin immune from the drying, coarsening effect of long exposure to the sun's rays. It keeps the face and hands cool and white—you should not forget the hands, for cool, white hands in summer are greatly to be desired." Miss Moncrieff remarked that she liked the odour of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* — a delicate scent of roses in keeping with the summer weather, but not assertive. "One point it is very important to remember. Most women know about it I expect. I refer to the danger of coming in straight from the hot sunshine and washing in soap and water. You should always use *Pond's Cold Cream first*—perhaps I should say use *Pond's Cold Cream* only. It cleanses the skin thoroughly and soothes it at the same time. It is an emollient cream which restores the right amount of suppleness to the dried-up tissues. *Pond's Cold Cream* should be used in this way on convenient occasions during the day—on the occasions when ordinarily you would wash. But it should *always* be used before going to bed at night—and if the skin seems at all dry, a thin film of the cream should be left on all night and then taken off in the morning, following with a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to give a velvety surface."

Gladys Moncrieff.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

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I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES OF POND'S COLD CREAM & POND'S VANISHING CREAM.

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POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

The Army in India Team

It is interesting to learn that the strength of the stud of the Army in India Team is to be increased by the addition of six ponies belonging to the Maharajah of Ratlam. That player, one of the best mounted and experienced in the East, is now on his way to this country, and I understand that he intends to journey on to America, where he will serve on the Selection Committee and probably take part in the practice games. It is expected that the International team will stay at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club on its arrival in the United States. Here there is every facility for practice, as three excellent grounds are available. Nor will there be any shortage of players for the preliminary games, as, in addition to the seven men provisionally chosen by the Army in India Selection Committee, the services of the manager, Col. H. A. Tomkinson, and the secretary, Col. George Beresford, both of whom can hold their own in the fastest polo, will be at hand for the purpose of making up teams. On the whole, the staff-work of this enterprise strikes me as being wellnigh perfect so far, and if the team should fail in the primary object of its visit it will not be for lack of thoughtful organisation.

PREPARING FOR THE SEASON

Mr. G. Attwell photographed at the opening trial match of the Oxford University Polo Club. The inter-Varsity match at Hurlingham has been fixed for July 2

Our Polo Legislators

Anything which tends to strengthen the authority of the governing body of polo is to be welcomed. Those who are interested in the welfare of the galloping game will be glad to know that the Hurlingham Club Polo Committee is to be augmented by the inclusion of representatives of polo in New Zealand, Australia, and Canada. This is a move in the right direction, and will meet the complaints of players overseas who have urged that the Committee as at present constituted does not cover the whole field of British Empire polo. Unfortunately, those associated with the management of Ranelagh are still opposed to the principle of the ruling polo being identified so closely with the Hurlingham Club, and though two places are open for them on the Committee, Ranelagh decline to make any nominations. This little feud has been going on for many years, and apparently Ranelagh will remain unsatisfied until the Committee is shaped on different lines. But I fancy the bulk of polo opinion is strongly in favour of the existing methods.

First Weeks of the Season

Clubs and players have become so accustomed to bad weather in the early days of the London season that they were to some extent caught napping by the highly favourable conditions which prevailed this time. No tournaments of real importance had been arranged for the first fortnight of the season, even the Social Clubs' Cup, which for many years had been Hurlingham's opening attraction, having been postponed until much later in the year. In the present week, however, things will be growing lively with the ties of the Whitney Cup, which are to be played simultaneously at Hurlingham and Roehampton. I think I am right in stating that this was the first important London tournament played on handicap terms. From the outset it was a great success, and I am convinced that we shall see some exceedingly interesting play in the tournament just starting. As a rule, the handicap serves its purpose so well that you can never be certain of spotting the winners of this competition. The final is to be played at Roehampton on Saturday week.

Handicap Changes

Not many notable changes are to be observed in the latest list of handicap alterations. Among players who receive promotion is Mr. S. Sanford, who now appears on the seven-point mark. The young American has the advantage of riding some of the best ponies in the world, but apart from that he has made steady progress and is well entitled to his promotion. Last season his team of Hurricanes just missed the highest honours of London polo, but better luck attended them in the States, where they carried off the Open Championship. Mr. Sanford will again have the services of Captain C. T. I. Roark in his team until the time comes for that player to join the Army in India side.

At Colchester

I have lately been in communication with many of the secretaries of the country clubs, and it is satisfactory to record that almost without exception they are looking forward to enjoying a most successful season, for the prospects look bright. From the Colchester Club I learn that the ground at Middlewick is in excellent condition, and a second ground for practice purposes has been obtained on Reed Hall. There have been changes in the garrison since last season. The 3rd-6th Dragoon Guards have left Colchester for Tidworth, and have been relieved by the Queen's Bays, just home from India. All the officers of this regiment play polo, and have managed to get together a good lot of ponies. Some of the local residents will also be playing regularly at Colchester, notably Lieut.-Col. A. A. Soames, of Vernon's Chappel, who never misses a day's polo if he can help it. Capt. F. P. Hill is another enthusiast, while Major R. Neave, of the Essex Regiment, plays well up to his handicap of five goals.

Photographs *Topical*

BETWEEN CHUKKERS

Mr. N. H. Pathson (left) and Mr. E. F. P. Gage discuss prospects at the opening trial match at Oxford. Mr. Gage was a member of the Oxford team which met Cambridge at Hurlingham last summer

When the "Play's the Thing" on the Links

L.N.A.

"WE ARE SEVEN"

The Leicestershire and Rutland Ladies Golf Team, who recently met Derbyshire at Leicester. They are Mrs. Betts, Miss L. Haslam, Mrs. P. L. Baker, Mrs. L. Partridge, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. King and Miss M. Johnson. They won by 5 matches to 2

L.N.A.

AN ARMY WINNER

Major-General Sir T. O. Marden, who won the Generals' Cup at the Army Championship and Army Society Meeting recently held at Deal

Topical

THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT and LADY ALNESS

Central Press

MISS JOYCE, MISS V. USSHER and MISS STANHOPE

GOLF AT SANDWICH

Some of the competitors who took part in the recent annual meeting of the Women's Parliamentary Golf Association. The winner was Miss Stanhope

Central Press

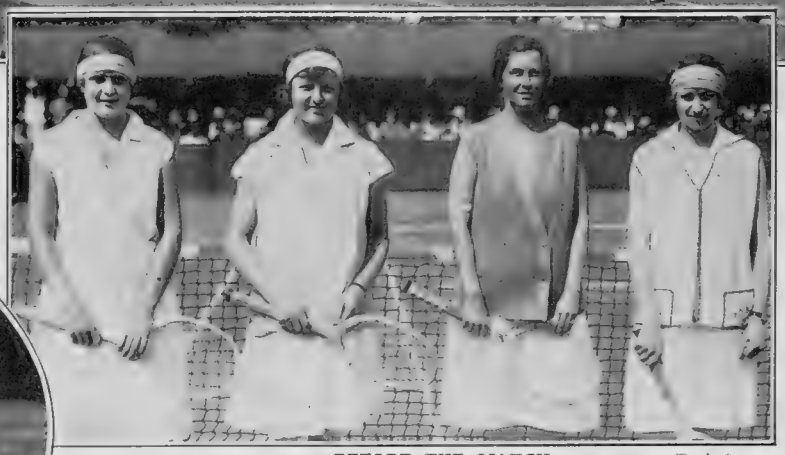
MRS. WALTER STEWART and MRS. T. H. HARKER

Lawn Tennis Stars from Three Continents in Action

Sport and General

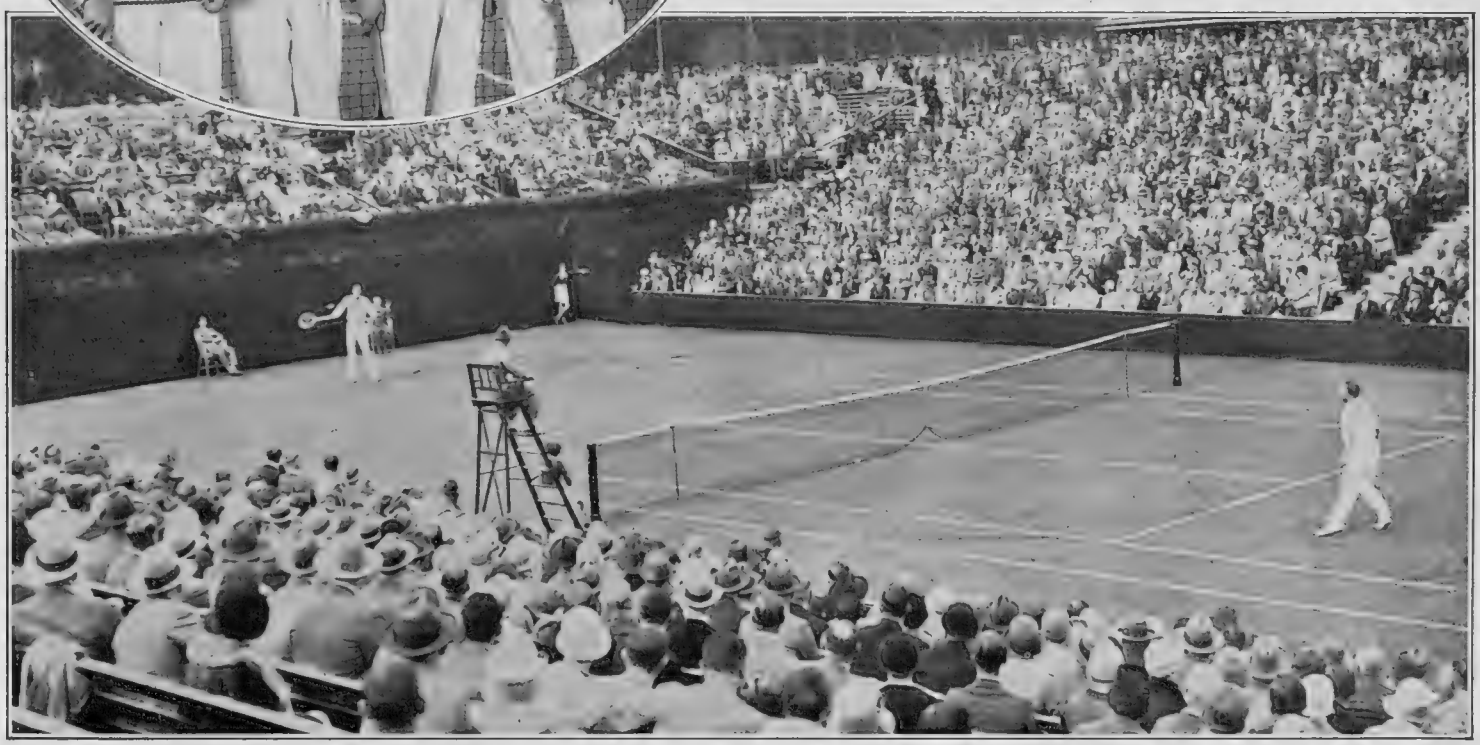
"LADIES' DAY" AT HENLEY

An exhibition match between two of the South African lady players who are visiting this country and Mrs. Godfree and Miss Betty Nuthall in progress during the Phyllis Court Lawn Tennis Tournament. The visitors are seen on the far side of the net



BEFORE THE MATCH *Topical*

Miss Heine, of South Africa (left), Miss Betty Nuthall, Mrs. Peacock (South Africa) and Mrs. Godfree photographed before their exhibition match at Henley. The English pair won 3—6, 8—6, 10—8



Topical

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN

"Big Bill" Tilden, of America, playing against Otto Froetzheim during the International match recently played at the Grunewald Club, Berlin. Tilden won in three straight sets, and his compatriot F. T. Hunter beat H. Landmann. Above are seen four of the competitors, Hunter (left), Kleinschroth and Landmann of Germany, and Tilden

"Fearfully smart pale waistcoats"

TO BE CONTINUED—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

London, *May* 16.

Dear Cousin,—

Went to a play with *rather* a bright idea in it the other night. A sort of sequel to Shakespeare it was, or continued-in-our-next, *The Merchant of Venice* being the text or occasion thereof. Just ten years after the play everything happened, and very different people turned out, too. Antonio, for instance, the well-known merchant, had come to be a most terrible bore, telling everyone over and over again all about how he nearly lost that pound of flesh, till even the very cats and dogs fled at his approach. And the rest hadn't improved much, either.

卐

You remember Bassanio the hero, who married Portia? Well, he turned out a thoroughly bad hat, and chucked her money about and was generally horrid. And even went and had an affair with Shylock's daughter Jessica, who had that runaway wedding with Lorenzo. Meanwhile, Nerissa, who confessed she'd really wangled that business of the caskets, wasn't any too happy, either; and the only person who'd really got on was Shylock—now a Christian (by complusion), a very rich man again, and a Senator of Venice.

Quite a kind of thrill and fascination about that to-be-continued idea, though, isn't there—and what happens after the last curtain falls on the play and you've read the end of the book? Or, come to think of it, in real life when you lose sight of people and places—even if it's only by going out of the room. What happens afterwards and how do people's characters and lives work out? Do they go on as you expect, or don't they? So many of us do get into rather a terrible way of *labelling* people, don't we? Decide in our minds, I mean, quite without knowing it, often and often utterly wrongly, that Mr. and Mrs. Shylock are complete outcasts, and Mr. Bassanio Smith's a real good sort, and that rather uppish Portia Jones very lucky to get him, and so on. And don't dream, till it's forced on us, that all sorts of developments may happen all contrary to plan. Whereas that's really the most intriguing of all speculations and studies, *n'est-ce pas?* . . . people and their lives and all the odd unknown things that may happen in the future.

At the Midnight Follies

卐

And how strange and astonishing they *may* be we can just anyway get a sort of guess at by giving a glance at the not-so-far past. Canst possibly conceive, *par exemple*, a time when there were no such things as motor cars and 'buses?—yet, as someone's been reminding us, only thirty years ago 'twas even so. And in those not so prehistoric times the *chic*-est and most ultra-smart thing you could do, believe me or believe me not, was riding a push-bike in the Park, complete with right and proper attire for the occasion, which was big puffed sleeves and, I expect, pork-pie hats (or else large floppy ones all full of flowers), and quite possibly what they called bloomers—otherwise plus eights. And if you wanted to impress your admiring friends and were really extra-skilful, perhaps you might even take at least one hand off the handle-bars and positively wave to them, amid the breathless awe of the assembled multitude. All the same, seems there was the beginnings of a revolution there all the time. A lot the modern girl has to be thankful for, says someone, and she owes it to the bicycle and the typewriter. . . . Aforesaid push-bike being said to have been the very first step to a girl being allowed to show her ankles (think of it!), and the above-mentioned typewriter a sort of Open Sesame to business jobs for women. Well, well, who'd have thought it—what?

卐

Don't suppose Columbus ever foresaw either what sort of an egg he was hatching—though supposed to be rather good at eggs, wasn't he?—when he went and discovered America. And certainly wouldn't have guessed about that marvellous Mr. Mellon, that American statesman who's been so much in the limelight and who's actually been telling his poor deluded countrymen that England's a sort of Shylock. Collecting simply masses of war

(*Continued on page* 334)

Lady Hearty of the Mustard Club at the Captain's table

200 miles out on the S.S. Otranto

"Rolls?" whispered the Steward.

"Does she?" answered Lady Hearty, with a calm glance through one of the large portholes which keep saloon and cabins fresh and airy. "Surely not."

"My dear Lady Hearty, even if there *is* a little sea one day, you had much better be in a big Orient liner. They are the steadiest and most comfortable ships afloat. And inside the Fjords it's almost like a millpond."

Lady Hearty looked round the huge saloon. But for the longer and more attractive menu, and the happier and less formal atmosphere, she might have been dining in her favourite hotel in London. As for the mustard, it was as appetising as that served at the Headquarters of the Mustard Club itself.

"Ah, yes," commented the Captain, "we sailors, like all good members of your famous Mustard Club, live well. Why, do you know, we use more than two tons of mustard every year on our Orient liners. Millionaires have told me they would give anything to get our Orient line cuisine and service on land. And many passengers," added the Captain with a smile, "have confessed they were thankful that there was such a lot of room on the decks for exercise."

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debts from the poor European countries, it seems we are, and only paying just a little of it over to U.S. Whereas, of course, as everyone knows, it's just the other way round, and it's America that's doing the Shylock turn—everyone, that is, except the aforesaid so-called Americans, who, in cold fact and sooth, so largely consist, it seems, of the Germans, the Italians, the Swedes, also (as the Duncan Sisters put it in their immortal lyric)

The Portuguese and the Argentines,
The Armenians *and* the Greeks.

卐

But have you read that rather wonderful, startling, and amazing new book "Revelry," which is by an American, mark you, Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams by name? And's all about politics over there. May or may not be true, of course, but quite a lot of Americans seem to think so, or, anyway, based on facts. Story of a President of the U.S. it is, who was a nice, upstanding, good-looking man, but was really just a figurehead and completely run by some of his Cabinet, who were grafters to a man.

卐

And meanwhile, apparently, his Ministers in the Cabinet, who mostly call him Bill, all of 'em having originally been lumberers or bar-tenders

"So-called Americans"

or something together, as seems to be the way politicians start in the United States, put through all sorts of wellnigh incredible swindling Government deals. Sweet picture of life in God's Own Country, is not it? but—no, I'm sure it simply *can't* be true.

卐

But come on, cousin, let's take the taste of democracy out of our mouths, so to speak, and gaze once more on this lil' old London of ours, where things are happening thick and fast and summerily as fits the early opening days of that whirl of lovely shows, lunches, dinners, dances, theatres, and what not, that we call the Season. Including some of those smart in-aid-ofs like the "Lovers Through the Ages" affair, where Prince and Princess Arthur sat in their box with Mr. Henry and Lady Patricia Russell and watched the girls of the moment sweep by in the gorgeous costumes of yesterday—Megan L.G. as good Queen Victoria, and Lady Pamela Smith as Juliet, and the one and only Tallulah as Cleopatra, and the rest. Which reminds me, talking of clothes, even if ours are getting simpler, what with plain snakeskin waistcoats and shoes and no fur on our coats, men's modes are apparently getting terribly elaborate. Fearfully smart pale waistcoats now arriving, I hear, and big white silk ties with tiepins, and white kid gloves, and all that sort of thing—well, can't grudge the poor dears a bit of a dash just every now and then, can we? seeing it's not very often they do get a look in.

"Riding a push-bike in the Park"

卐

Also, all sorts of pleasing affairs in the cabaret way to be found at that cheerful resort the Midnight Follies (where that delightful baritone, Jack Smith, is whispering his little ditties once more) and other places—though night clubs, on the cont., aren't doing at all *too* well (except for a few extra special ones). Seems people simply won't pay their subs. when there are so many places where you can just walk in and there you are—some people, that is, for there's still certain resorts, aren't there?—whether it's Ciro's or the Florida or the Hambone, where you get something of a sort, quite different sorts of course, that you can't exactly buy just across the counter. Oh, and opera's going very strong at Covent Garden, and actually for *Siegfried* the other night some people positively wore tiaras.

卐

Likewise debs are having three or four dances a week at the big private houses—seventeen this week alone I think I've counted on my engagement list. And London seems to be full of new plays by Mr. Edgar Wallace, including a Denis Neilson-Terry one at the Lyceum called *The Terror*, and another at the Savoy named *Double Dan*, which is, on the whole, perhaps not quite so funny as it might be, but has some quite amusing bits in it. Must say I think it does make a bit of diff. where and how you dine first . . . with farces, anyway. Well, here's looking at you, as they say in that same odd book I told you about. With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

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DEWAR'S

Femina

THE SMALL HOUSE By MRS.

AMBITIONS change from one generation to
be a wealthy merchant and Lord Mayor
no longer held up to boys as the great
industry. Perhaps little girls still dream of b
castles, or ladies in great mansions. But to
of the perfect small house is now the more com
It seems more practical also, but I am not c
perfect small house is not as unattainable as

IF you want to know how difficult is perfe
in the small house and what a thousand
go to make it, you should read "The Sm
To-day," by Mr. Gordon Allen, the architect
Messrs. Batsford). It is a book full of wise
so simply and clearly given that no one, I shou
fail to be persuaded by it. It is full, too, of u
information of every sort.

THE right choice of site and materials; th
the ground, so that the house is placed in
not to cut up the garden wastefully, and at su
to get the most of the sun; the planning of the
as far as possible, each of them gets the sun at
of day; the proper position of doors and window
—these are some of the many things on which
lent general advice. It shows the care with w
that in dealing with the aspects of the different
only points out the advantages of putting the n
rooms and the bathroom where they will get the
of giving the living-rooms used in the morning a
aspect, and of putting the drawing-room or parl
in the day, to the west; but he remembers that
the kitchen is important, too, and that the ear
use it should, if possible, have the early light
might have added the second reason that where
cooking to be done it is a great comfort in th
have the kitchen on the cool side of the h
evening.

AT BORDIGHER

**Major Neil Collins, of the Royal Warwickshire Re
Woodhouse, photographed at the English Club a
the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs Claud**

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the long, low casement windows which appear, I think, in all Mr. Allen's pictures and plans of modern houses, the curtains are already so short and light that they are very easy to handle. I wonder what Mr. Allen would think if a decorator proposed cutting all his doors in two, as in a stable, so as to make them easier to open. M. VINCE.

AT THE SALON

A portrait of the artist's mother by Marcel Poncin, which is hung in the Paris Salon. The artist is well known to "Bystander" readers as the illustrator of "Parisiana"

ON'S OPPORTUNITY

blindest physical and mental optimist would dare
nce the contention that commercial prosperity is
cquired in these tax-ridden times. One would
such circumstances, that those who assume to
afford all possible scope for advancement, and
ecessary export of our productions by welcoming
e various visitors who may be attracted here.
w presented with the greatest opportunity in history
magnet of the world. It may be a mad world,
pitiable if such an opportunity were thrown away.
's survive not only upon their manufactures, but
e liquid circulation of money, with a sequential
ich fosters prosperity. All of which represents
which no Communist and few Conservatives
and.

be made the greatest and most alluring of all cities. Let us
, Paris, Berlin, New York. Paris, delightful and beautifully
ng a temporary eclipse. Montmartre is as dead as the "Rat
n by a crude extortion, and even the South of France, where,
ances to shine, has for a period lost its vogue and become a
garden. Berlin is aspiring to attractiveness, but its serious
nost difficult to overcome. New York, approached from the
ttered by restrictions that only cats and bootleggers can laugh.
a culture. It is certainly the best-dressed city in the world
re too timid to dine in plus fours, or tuxedos. And if the
heir post-war laws were not the champion hypocrites of the
d all Dora regulations and give purveyors free and unrestricted
with wine when he is so inclined. These stupid inhibitions
not a nation of drunkards, nor are we a nation of childish
by obese nurses. The Government collects an enormous
and spirits, and then adds insult to injury by prosecuting a
is own time. Such foolish legislation only tends to arouse a
king of these laws.
d offer every allure to our foreign guest, and, instead of the
alf their human cargo at Cherbourg, the majority will come
ence to London, which has the opportunity to become the

* * * * *

made by Pope & Bradley possess infinitely more style than
r country. And thirty per cent. of the firm's turnover is
. This fact should please the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
it and gain wisdom.

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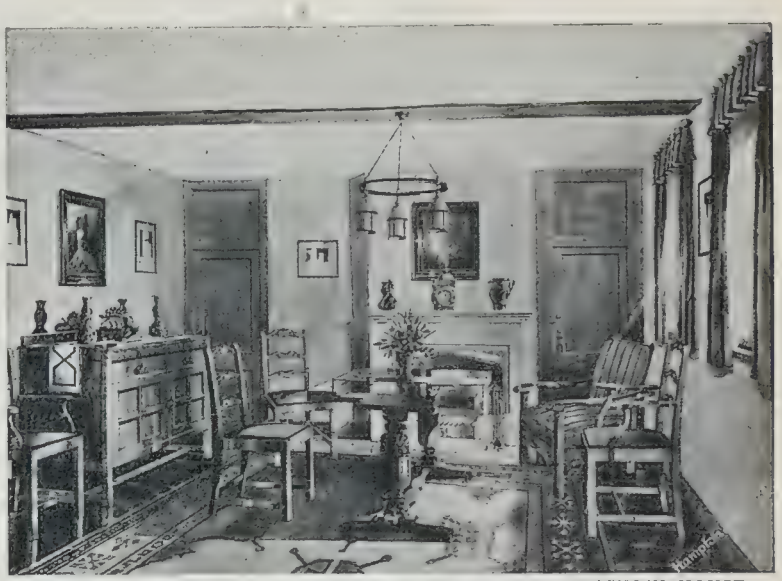

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I SEE that Messrs. Routledge, not content with their *Broadway Translations*, have inaugurated two other "Libraries," both of which suggest the most agreeable possibilities. The *English Library* certainly begins very well with a reprint of that admirable book by Anthony Trollope's mother which created such a sensation on its first appearance in the year of the Reform Bill. This is *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), which is very rightly introduced by Trollope's latest and best biographer, Mr. Michael Sadleir. To-day the world will not be startled and shocked by Mrs. Trollope's "revelations," nor would an American editor of the book declare, as he did in 1832, that it could not be the work of an English lady. On the other hand it retains a great deal of its freshness and charm and all of its humour, and when it is realised under what strange conditions it came to be written, and what it led to in the future, one's enjoyment of its curious pages is somehow increased. Of the other *Library of XVIII Century French Literature*, which Mr. Richard Aldington is editing, I must speak later.

❋

ALL the world, I suppose, is reading Michael Arlen's new novel, and all the world will find in *Young Men in Love* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) more or less what it expected to find. If it likes, it may attempt to discover the "originals" of this or that character, though with what success I will not say. The best way to describe the book is to call it a typical "Arlen." You meet the same kind of folk that you always have met in his books, and they fall in love with one another rather hectically, and seem unable to do very much else. One or two scenes show what Mr. Arlen could do if he liked, but I presume that he knows his own business. This tiny portion of Mayfair which forms the background to all his books is not the world, but people continue to take an astonishing interest in it, and no doubt Mr. Arlen has claims to be considered an accurate geographer.

❋

MR. BERNARD ROLT has begun very well indeed. For a first novel *Cinderella of the Cinema* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is exceedingly good. It is one of those jolly fairy-tales of to-day where improbabilities do not matter, and where your only concern is that the heroine shall have a good time. In Mr. Rolt's story she is an old secondhand-bookseller's daughter who is called on to play the role of Cinderella in novel surroundings. And with a skill which one can wholeheartedly admire Mr. Rolt has managed to make good use of almost every feature in the old nursery tale. So we have the two step-sisters, commendably ugly, and the ball, and a charlady for the good fairy, and a prince—he is not really a prince, but he is going to become a film-star, which means much more money—and even a slipper that is left behind. But in addition to these delights there is some delicious satire which will be enjoyed by everybody except those enthusiasts who will not hear a word against their favourite star on the films. Altogether it is a most likeable book, which you will want to recommend to your friends.

❋

ANOTHER first novel may be mentioned here. *The Undesired Altar* (Parsons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Elsie Enstone, introduces you to the modern girl who, not always to her parents' delight, has begun to think for herself. Sheila Trayle is an attractive young person, and men fall in love with her—rather too quickly. You are sorry for her when she is jilted, but, like Sheila herself, you recover soon enough from the shock, for—there are others. Here, however, the road is hardly less smooth, and only real social service can banish all the trouble. With a nice couple—a Socialist Member of Parliament and his wife—to help her, Sheila sees a new side of life and gives of her best. Unfortunately even good work in the slums will not prevent you from falling in love, and there is a note of tragedy at the end of the book; inevitable, perhaps, certainly not inartistic. It is a clever piece of work.

❋

YOU must read *Respectability* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) by Bohun Lynch. It is a long book, but you must not skip it. Slowly but most entertainingly a tale

(*Continued on page* vi)

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A picturesque scene in Bayonne, showing exponents of Basque folk dancing parading through the town on the occasion of a recent festival of folk dancing. An interesting feature of the occasion was the visit of a party of Morris Dancers from the English Folk Dance Society at Oxford. The English dancers received a great ovation from their French hosts, who are renowned for the lightness and grace of their dancing

of two generations is unfolded, the while you are being shown the astonishing changes in social life that the war and women's new status have brought about. At the same time a question is discussed that is of universal interest. Does respectability—or, rather, the bundle of surface-qualities generally called by that name—pay? One answer is immediately at your lips, but is it the right one? Mr. Lynch, I like to think, is one of our most gracious writers. He would, I imagine, have enjoyed a much bigger success than he has had if he had happened to write novels of more or less similar type. But that is just what he does not do, and—why should he? Here, at any rate, he is at his best—with a first-rate story to tell, and a new way of telling it. It is all most interesting and vivid and real. Don't miss it.

❋

I AM inclined to think that Mr. Cuthbert Baines has filled his canvas too full in *The Slip Coach* (Arnold: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). As was to be expected, the story is delightfully told, but the mystery of Sir Constantine Merivale's murder in a train, extraordinarily ingenious though it be, is surely overweighted. There are too many people who might have had something to do with it, and too many people who busy themselves about its solution. Thus there are the murdered man's two brothers, two partners in a firm of surveyors, a solicitor's clerk and his small son, a caricaturist, a journalist who is able to paint pictures, a Chief Constable not too popular at Headquarters, an inspector, a "blue," a profiteering peer, the first—and one hopes the last—of his line, a doctor who gambles, and several more. The real murderer may or may not be "spotted" fairly early on, and were it not for Mr. Baines's jolly writing one might be disinclined to read through his book. As it is, there are some jolly things in it, but I hope that he will be content in his next book with a less complicated affair.

❋

IT is interesting to hear of the great firm of Cassell's passing into one man's hands, and that man a charming writer himself. Mr. Newman Flower has several good books to his credit, including a Life of Handel, and he also has that *flair* for attracting to himself the right kind of author. For years past we all knew that he was the power behind the literary throne in those half-hidden offices at La Belle Sauvage, and now that he sits on the throne himself he will carry the good wishes of all his friends with him. R. STRAUS.

WORTH
COURT GOWNS

Worth, who has long stood forth as premier dress-designer for the Royal Courts of the world, is now showing his creations for the coming Drawing-rooms. These gowns and court trains, while essentially Parisian in their conception, are strictly in accordance with the etiquette of the English Court.

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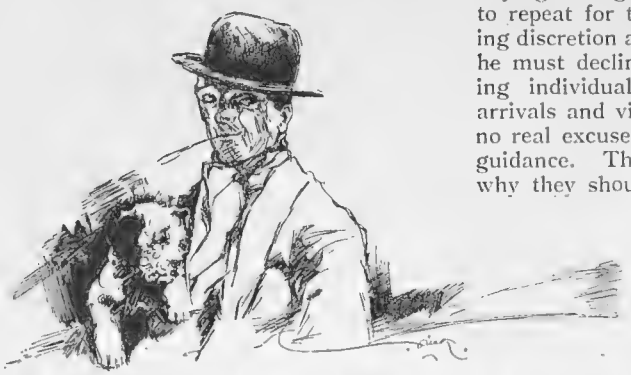


D'ye want to buy a Dog?

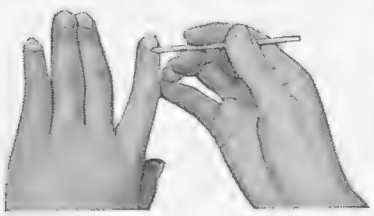
HOW AND WHERE By "THE KENNELMAN"

OFFICIAL figures make it certain that never before have we known so much activity in pedigree Dog-breeding as now; and "The Kennelman's" postbag, apart from evidence of a more impressive sort, demonstrates beyond all peradventure (*a*) the rapid growth in the ranks of fanciers and Dog-keepers generally, and (*b*) the demand for pedigree Dogs. As to causes, they represent too long a story for telling here, based mainly on improved knowledge and understanding, and, as an inevitable sequence, upon steadily growing national fondness for the one truly domestic quadruped.

As to the best means of setting about buying a Dog, "The Kennelman" begs to repeat for the *n*th time that, regarding discretion as the better part of valour, he must decline the job of recommending individual sellers. Recruits, new arrivals and visitors from overseas have no real excuse for pleading lack of safe guidance. There is no earthly reason why they should be "landed," or "buy a pup," in the sinister sense; and there's no reason why they should be reduced to buying Dogs across shop-counters, while the always highly interesting process of choosing and buying in the Dogs' own homes is as simple and open to all as it is to-day.

Thus your decision as to variety is for a Hem-Terrier or a Hum-Hound. Apart from the advertisement columns of the weekly Dog-papers, there is that quite invaluable Debrett-Red-Book-Who's Who of dog-dom: the Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book, Vol. 54, for 1927, always available from the Kennel Club, the headquarters of the finest doggy organisation in the world, 84, Piccadilly. Pages 727-777 give you the names and addresses of those whose Dogs figure in this year's pedigree section. Pages 150-184 give you the names and secretaries of the registered breed Clubs and Societies. It's the easiest thing in the world to enquire (courtesy demands enclosure of stamped addressed envelopes for reply) for the names and addresses of leading breeders in any given district, and to make appointments with one or several to visit their kennels. Nine times out of ten they are men and women of parts, agreeable, obliging, and highly interesting; they and their Dogs. Approach them modestly and civilly, in quest of guidance and information, and you will get both of the right sort. Tackle them in the spirit of the bargain basement on sale days, or as one who dispenses patronage and information, and—well, you may feel a draught. This is the right and safe way to set about buying a good Dog. If you seek "the very best," and a Dog "able to win at Shows," etc., do not, like some of "The Kennelman's" correspondents, expect to buy at about the price of a collar, lead, and licence. Shillings, or even an odd guinea or so, spared in the purchase of a Dog friend are more likely to represent loss and vain regrets than lasting satisfaction. Again, Show points may not specially interest you; and in that case you will be able to-day to obtain a really good pedigree Dog, as well-bred a pal as any need desire, at an extremely moderate figure. But, if only for the superior interest of it, buy where Dogs are bred rather than where they are merely dealt in.

In England nobody has thought of that dapper little gentleman, the French Bulldog, as a worker, but in France the breed's Club has just published a treatise on his training as a working Dog.



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this easy way

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Radox gives you this immediate nail beauty better than any other method, and a 1/6 packet of Radox will last you for months. Radox acts in the way described because the oxygen it releases in water penetrates into the cuticle, carrying the corn-softening salts with it—so enabling the hard skin to be removed easily, rapidly and painlessly.

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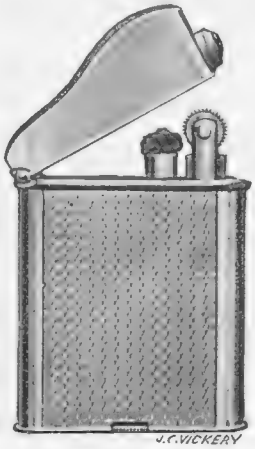

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THE CUMBERLAND

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

A CORRESPONDENT recently asked me if I could give him particulars of a famous hand in the days of Whist which is said to have cost the Duke of Cumberland a sum of £20,000. He outlined the main scheme of the hand, but was uncertain of the exact particulars. I looked up a number of Whist books, but could not find anything about it. But fortunately I discovered it in an American book, "Lenz on Bridge."

The author stated that the hand had so often been misquoted that it is of interest to give the correct particulars.

S.—J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6. D.—Q, J.
H.—10, 9, 8, 7, 6. C.—None

S.—None.
H.—None.
D.—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
C.—A, Q, 10, 8.

Y
A B
Z

S.—5, 4, 3, 2.
H.—5, 4, 3, 2.
D.—None.
C.—6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

S.—A, K, Q. D.—A, K.
H.—A, K, Q, J. C.—K, J, 9, 7.

B dealt and turned up the 2 of Clubs, and Clubs, of course, under the laws of Whist, became trumps.

The Duke of Cumberland was Z, and held the wonderful hand shown. According to the rules of Whist the Duke opened correctly the 7 of Clubs, whereupon A and B proceeded to make the entire thirteen tricks.

After the opening lead good card reading and correct play by B prevented the opponents taking in a single trick. The 7 of Clubs was taken with the eight, and a Diamond led by A which was trumped by B. Close figuring by B easily revealed the trump situation. Z had led the 7, obviously his fourth best trump, to which his partner has renounced, and B holds all the trumps below the 7. The original leader, therefore, has but three remaining, so B leads trumps through him.

No matter what Z plays it is covered by A and another Diamond led and again trumped.

The Queen and Ace both falling, shows B that his partner's Diamond suit is established, so he leads his last trump through the harassed Duke. A wins, and after drawing the remaining trump goes blithely down the line with his Diamonds, creating havoc with the finest aggregation of Aces and Kings that ever graced the hand of his Grace.

. . . . .

The only example comparable is a spoof hand given in an amusing American book entitled "Low Bridge and Punk Pungs," by Sam Hellman.

S.—8, 7, 5, 4, 3. D.—None.
H.—8, 4. C.—10, 9, 6, 5, 3, 2.

S.—None.
H.—J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2.
D.—A, Q, 10, 7, 6.
C.—None.

Y
A B
Z

S.—J, 10, 9, 6, 2.
H.—None.
D.—8, 5, 4, 3, 2.
C.—8, 7, 4.

S.—A, K, Q. D.—K, J, 9.
H.—A, K, Q. C.—A, K, Q, J.

. . . . .

Here is the bidding: Z deals and bids "One No-Trump"; A, "Two Diamonds"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Two No-Trumps"; A, "Three Diamonds"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Three No-Trumps"; A, "Five Diamonds"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Double"; A, "Re-double." All pass.

Y opens 5 of Clubs, trumped by A. A leads a Heart, trumped by B. B leads a Diamond, Z puts up 9, taken by A with the 10. A leads a second Heart, trumped by B, who leads another Diamond, taken by A, who leads a third Heart, trumped by B.

Another Diamond lead now takes out Z's King of Diamonds and A makes grand slam.

Of course the whole thing is ingenious spoof, as no one in actual play could have called as A did.

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER offers to readers the sum of £200 for the correct forecast of the two winners of the

£200 DERBY and OAKS "DOUBLE" £200

and the starting price of the winner of the Derby.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION

1. Competitors must make each entry on the coupon to be found on page 3 of the cover of this issue.

2. Any number of entries may be made, but each must be sent in on a separate and completely filled-in coupon.

3. Coupons must be enclosed in an envelope marked DERBY & OAKS DOUBLE in the top left-hand corner and addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER, 6, Great New Street, E.C.4, and must reach this office not later than the first post on Tuesday, May 31.

4. No alterations may be made on the coupons sent in.

5. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to the Competition will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to it.

6. The official starting price of the Derby winner will be that returned in the "Racing Calendar."

7. In the event of more than one forecast being correct the prize will be equally divided.

8. If no correct entry is received, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the entry which is most nearly correct in the opinion of the Editor. If this qualification extends to more than one entry, the prize will be equally divided among the senders.

9. No employee (or the relations of any employee) of THE BYSTANDER or its associated papers is eligible for the Competition.

DERBY - JUNE 1.
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CLOSING DATE

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1927

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AUSTRIA

Attend the Viennese Festival June 5th to 19th.

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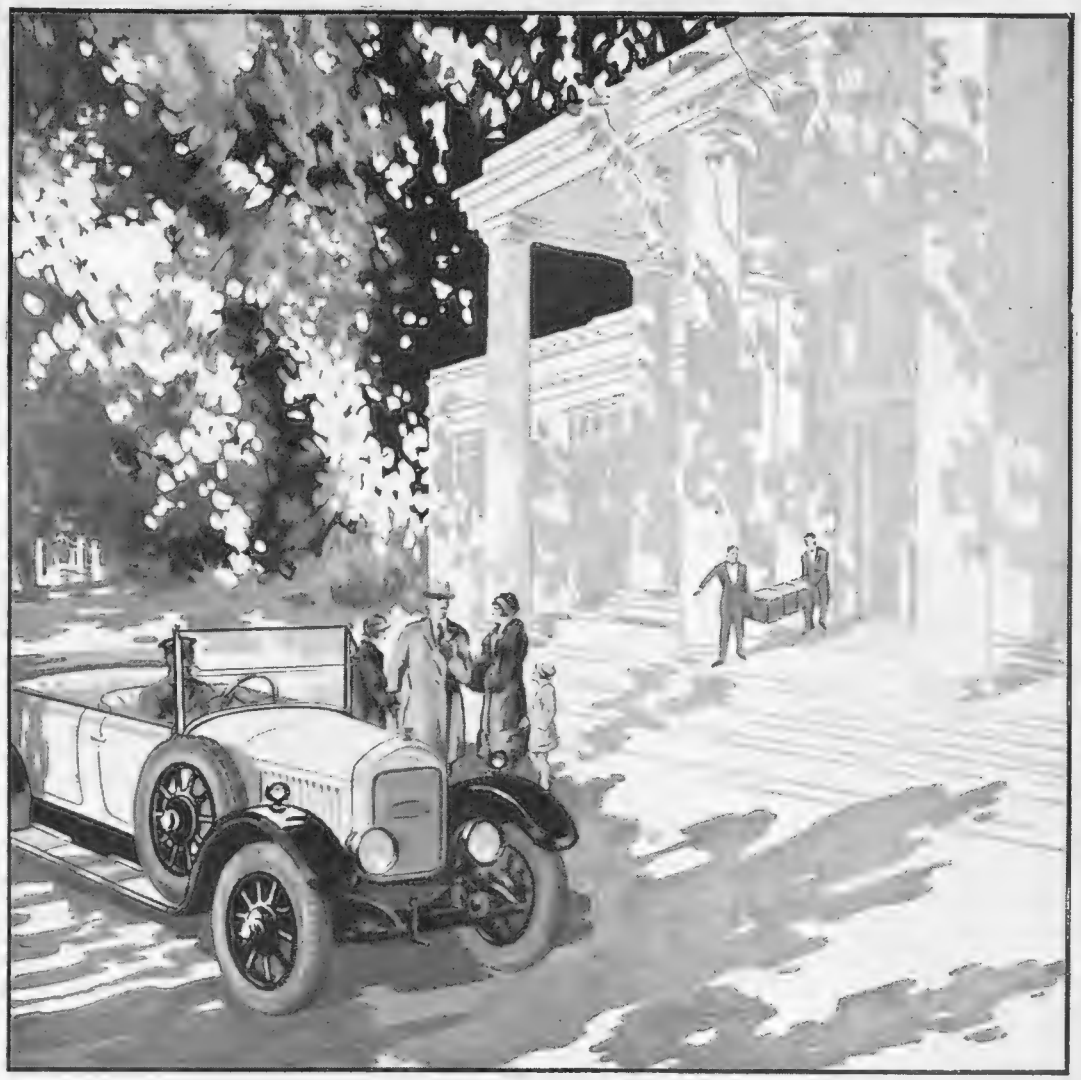

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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

THE Serpentine minnows in Hyde Park recently participated in a very unique form of "light" carnival. The failure of the steering gear of a motor car provided the prelude to the excitement of the evening, coupled with the breaking down of an iron fence 3 ft. 6 in. high, and the plunging of the recalcitrant car into the depths of the Serpentine. This happened at a spot where the water was 15 ft. deep, 40 feet from the bank, and it is not surprising that the occupants of the car, in wisely deciding to reach *terra firma* as quickly as possible—and thence St. George's Hospital—forgot to switch off the lights, quite justifiably leaving them to extinguish themselves. The lamps, however (I am told by their makers), were Osram automobile lamps, and they chose to regale the denizens of the Serpentine with their light-giving powers rather than to pander to the gloom of their surroundings by extinguishing themselves. This state of affairs continued for about an hour, during which time their bright glow below the water illuminated the surface so intensely that, despite the minnows' plaint for more hours of light, the car's location was discovered, and hefty ropes dragged it—lights and all—ashore. The owner of the car considers the achievement of his lamps in remaining alight while the car was fully immersed as very remarkable. He is, happily, none the worse for his adventure.

***

THE Rover people have recently introduced two very attractive examples of the Weymann saloon. One is on the "Nippy Nine" chassis—a four-door, four-seater with the distinguished lines of the French style, *i.e.*, high waist-line without beading. It has leather upholstery, a single-pane windscreen (adjustable for ventilation), very wide rear window for ease of reversing, with a blind operated from the driver's seat, and no fewer than four cubby holes for parcels. The front seat is adjustable, and amongst the very complete equipment are two horns and even a lady's companion set. When one considers that the four-seater tourer is £225, this new saloon is astonishing value at the modest price of £250 complete. All the 9 h.p. models now have spoked steel wheels instead of the former disc type, which has completely altered the appearance from the side view.

***

ON the well-known 16-50 h.p. four-cylinder chassis, which is remarkable for its road performance, the new Weymann saloon is even more striking. I need not go into the many refinements of the coach-work itself. The point that struck me most was that it has three windows on each side instead of the conventional two. The normal Weymann, even very expensive examples, does suffer from restricted visibility from the back seat, for it is usual to build the body with a rear quarter *sans* window. I am sure the public will call for this window in the course of time. The other advantages of this type of body are so important that it should not be allowed to fail on the question of visibility. By the way, prices of the various 16-50 h.p. Rover models have just been reduced to the following figures in an endeavour to bring this fine car within the reach of a wider circle: 2-3-seater and 5-seater, £425; coupé or Weymann saloon, £525; coachbuilt saloon £625.

***

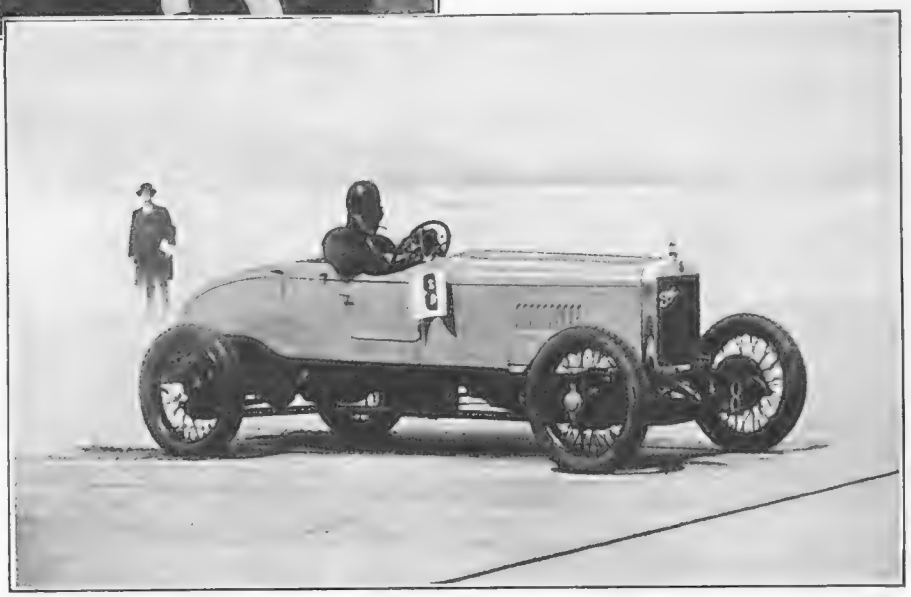
THE restricted visibility from saloons is, next to ventilation, the only remaining disadvantage of any serious import that can be urged against the saloon. The single pane windscreen, which I mentioned recently in connection with the Crossley fabric saloon, is going far to better matters. The Pytchley sliding roof is another attractive solution. But why should we not have windows in the roof, or in other words, sky-lights which could be arranged to open so as to assist in ventilation? I do not say that they would seriously give a better view—in fact, what is there to see directly above the car? But by letting in more light they would relieve the sense of oppression which

(*Continued on page* xiv)

Central News

AT THE BROOKLANDS MEETING

Major H. O. D. Segrave, who recently attained the world's fastest speed for motor cars on the Daytona Beach, Florida, photographed at Brooklands with George Duller, the well-known jockey and motorist



ON THE TRACK IN IRELAND

A standard 12/40 h.p. Star motor car photographed on Magilligan Sands in Northern Ireland. This car repeated its performance of last year at this same meeting by winning three "firsts" in the sporting events and making the fastest time in the touring class

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

AN OWNER'S APPRECIATION

'A Rolls-Royce car is a gilt-edged investment. It is always ready to give perfect service, it is economical to run and to maintain, and its cost for renewals is negligible, even after years of usage.' *Reference No.* 1003

The original letter may be seen on application

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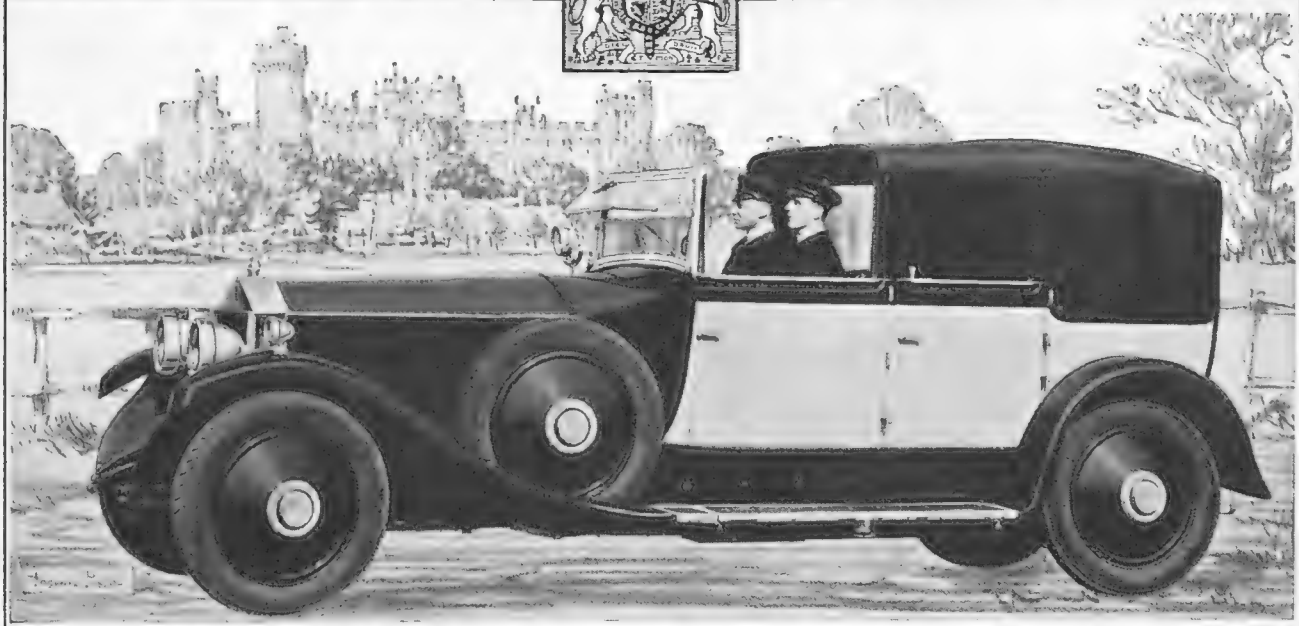

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Motor-Body Builders and Coachbuilders to:

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H.M. THE QUEEN. H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

Kennington Service.

so many healthy-minded British folk, hitherto devotees of the open car, still feel in the closed one.

***

THERE is one thing I regret to see on modern saloons: that is the cult of the visor—a shield projecting forwards and downwards anything from six inches to a foot from the top of the wind-screen. It is intended to protect the eyes against glare, but it restricts an enormous angle of vision upwards which is seriously felt when touring in hilly country; and the protection it affords is not as good as one can obtain from the rim of any ordinary hat or cap. I say not as good because the visor cannot be at the right height for every driver or every person in the car. I recently did an extended tour in an A.C. "Six" saloon which has no such visor (I am sorry to see that they have it on the latest fabric model), and though my runs included several of many miles' duration in the setting sun—the most trying dazzle agent—I never suffered from the absence of a shield. On each occasion a slight adjustment of one's cap or hat brim gave more protection than anything else.

A ROLLS IN ESSEX

Mrs. Garner, of The Drive, Snaresbrook, Essex, photographed with her 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom, mounted with enclosed drive limousine by Mulliner, Northampton. The body is a duplicate of that exhibited by Messrs. Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., at the last Olympia Motor Show, and which gained them first prize for British coachwork

HITHERTO there have been two ways of picnicking, either by filling cases with one's own gear, irrespective of whether it is suitable for the purpose or portable, and the other is by using special motor picnic baskets, many of which are quite well designed. A third method, however, has been evolved by Mr. J. H. Faulkner, of 193-197, Regent Street, W.1. It is, in essence, a collapsible table which, when folded up, contains a complete outfit of the following for four people: provision boxes and covers, glasses, china cups, saucers and plates; sugar, butter and condiment jars; cutlery, corkscrew, tin and soda-water openers, serviettes and tablecloth, two thermos flasks, and seats for all! The seats and cabinet are made of solid oak, with brass fittings, and when opened the latter forms a table about 3 ft. 6 in. square, with a bridge shelf giving extra space. When closed the whole outfit measures only 30 in. ×10 in.× 10 in. and can be easily carried by one person and fixed on the running board or luggage carrier, or even used as a foot-rest. This cabinet solves the problem of carrying table, seats, refreshments and utensils in the minimum of space, and is intended to appeal not only to the motorist, but to those indulging in coaching, picnic parties, and so forth. The prices are £10 without crockery and similar fittings, or £15 with the fittings complete. I have inspected the outfit, which is called the Lonsdale Luncheon and Tea Cabinet, and consider it good value for the money.

E. M. WRIGHT.

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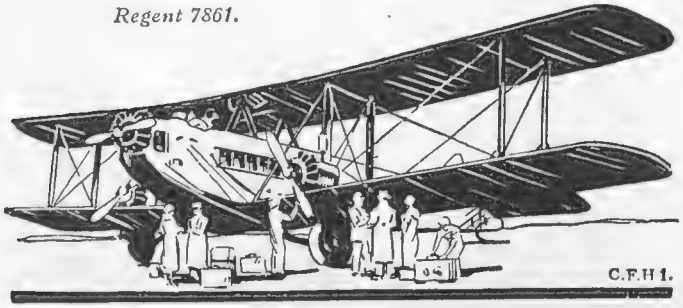

C.F.H.1.

Styles for 1927

This Battersby "roll curl" is a very popular soft felt hat. It is smart, comfortable and suitable for almost all occasions. For over 60 years Battersby hats have been worn by the best dressed men in all parts of the Empire.

Descriptive booklet and List of Agents on application.

Prices: 20/-, 25/-, 30/-

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BRITISH HATS FOR MEN

SOLD BY THE BEST HATTERS

Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO., LTD., STOCKPORT
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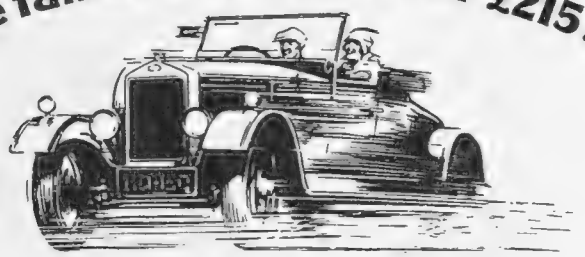
Scotland sends you two of The Best!

Crawford's Whisky is mellow to the palate and has a rare and distinctive flavour which cannot fail to appeal to the connoisseur. Supplied the wide-world over in two Blends, "Special Reserve" for daily use and "Five Star" for those special occasions when you willingly pay a little more for the very best.

Crawford's
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY

A. & A. CRAWFORD, LEITH, SCOTLAND.
TRADE MARK

Do you know you can buy the famous Wolseley for £215?



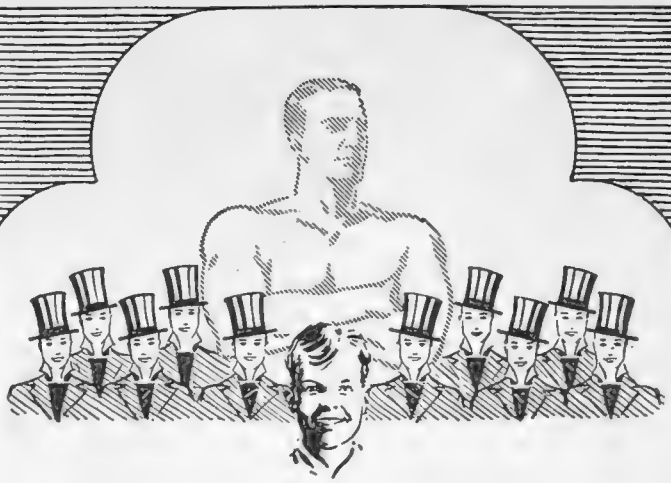
FINE enough even for the fastidious, robust enough for the roughest usage, this 11–22 Wolseley is within the reach of all well-circumstanced families. It can be bought as cheaply as £215 for the Two-seater or Four-seater, £300 for the Saloon. Produced in the Wolseley Works at Birmingham, which for over a quarter-of-a-century have been renowned for high-grade cars. DELIVERY of the various models can now be made.

HIRE PURCHASE. *Any Wolseley car may be obtained for a small sum down and the balance by monthly instalments.*

TAKE A TRIAL RUN. *Write for catalogue and permit us to arrange a trial run from your own home through your local dealer.*

WOLSELEY

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., ADDERLEY PARK, BIRMINGHAM.



"Feeling like 10 men & a boy —especially the boy"

"FORMERLY I regarded a nerve-food on a par with goloshes, flannel next the skin and dill-water."

Thus a contributor wrote in "*Golfing*," June, 1926.

Feeling cheap and nasty after a motor accident, he was persuaded—as he protests—in a weak moment, to try Sanatogen.

"Since then," he writes, "I have felt relatively like ten men and a boy, especially the boy."

Small wonder that he is enthusiastic and recommends Sanatogen. Sanatogen is a highly concentrated nerve-food, infusing into the very cells of blood and nerves those elements—phosphorus and albumin—from which they derive strength and vigour. And the health of the cells is the health of your body and brain.

That is why Sanatogen *must* do you good, why it will conquer fatigue, renew the blood and revivify the whole nervous system.

When you see a chemist's shop to-day, step inside and ask for a tin. So many people are enthusiastic about Sanatogen; why should you not, at least, try it?

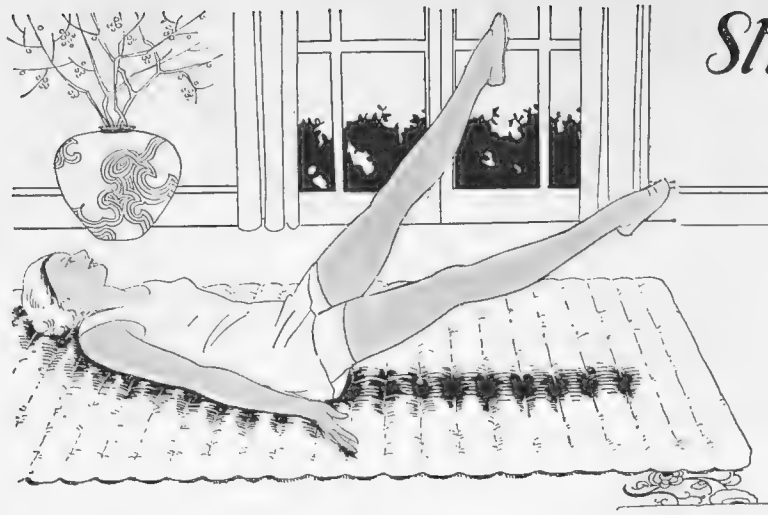
SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

Sanatogen is obtainable at all Chemists from 2/3 per tin. The larger sizes of 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 are, of course, more advantageous.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Stretching One's Way to Beauty



"The Scissors" is the name of this exercise. It consists of stretching the limbs and passing them backwards and forwards in the air. By this action the abdomenal muscles are strengthened and superfluous flesh disappears from that region as well as the lower part of the back

By the name of "Pendulum" is this exercise known. The stretched limbs are swung from side to side as far as possible, first slowly and then more rapidly

In place of the very persistent and tiresome legend that it was necessary to suffer in order to be beautiful has grown up the realisation that it is absolutely necessary to be healthy in order to be beautiful. Only through health may the line of beauty be reached and grace of movement attained—and, incidentally, the slim silhouette.

For weight and rotundity no more mean health than do underweight and extreme thinness. Both conditions are unhealthy, and can be treated wisely and scientifically, and a normal weight regained by means of specially prescribed exercises. That is, one's own exercises to suit one's own requirements.

Naturally, the fat, plethoric Rubens type of woman would not be prescribed the same exercises as the thin, nervous type. But the exercises prescribed for each will aim at the same object, namely, the return to normal weight.

A new and pleasant method of exercising has been worked out by Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, and one is impressed with the care and thought which have been expended in order to preserve the gifts the gods have bestowed and to correct any departure, natural or acquired, from the ideal standard, bearing in mind the great aim of improvement in health without any possibility of impairment.

Incidentally, one must realise that the modern slim type of woman is the outcome of improved hygiene, diet, and more active life; it is an error to suppose that the fat, lethargic type is necessarily a healthy one. The slightly-built, wiry, athletic woman of to-day, irrespective of her age, is a great improvement on what was known as "a fine figure of a woman" in days not so very long past.

The desire to preserve health and beauty of form and figure is uppermost in the mind of every woman in this enlightened age, so that all exercises are not necessarily for reducing; and therefore Miss Arden's aim is to have no rule-of-thumb treatment, but carefully to study the requirements called for by each client's condition. Weight and measurements and other details of physical condition are carefully recorded and kept for reference at each treatment. Appropriate treatment is then provided for the particular condition. There are suitable methods for the overweight and lethargic, and the thin and nervous type, as well as for the standard or normal build requiring correction of faulty attitude, inelegant postures, and the only too frequently resulting exaggerated curves and prominences.

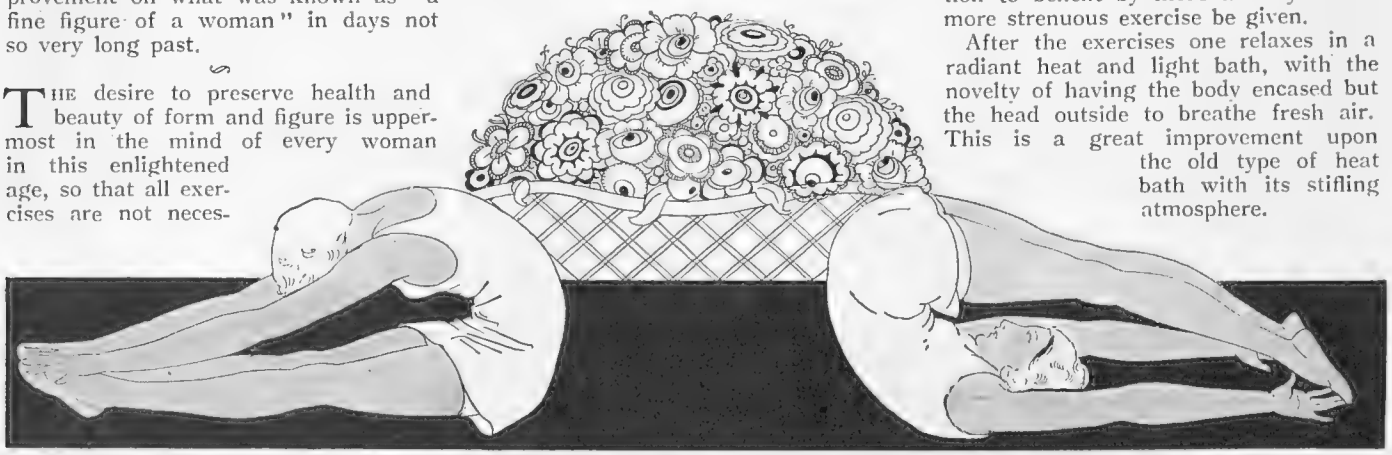
Without attempting to give details of special requirements, the average overweight case would commence treatment with the therapeutic roller, a most ingenious contrivance which, by gentle, continuous tapping, sets the blood in circulation without any effort on the part of the client. The roller performs its good work in any attitude one cares to adopt, sitting or standing. This is especially valuable for people who at first are not fit for much in the way of active exertion on account of their muscles and tissues having become soft and flabby.

Exercises of a stretching character follow, which, while calling for no violent or prolonged effort, promote tone and suppleness of muscles and ligaments, freer movements of joints, and improvement in the circulation. A decrease in the overweight condition is the natural result.

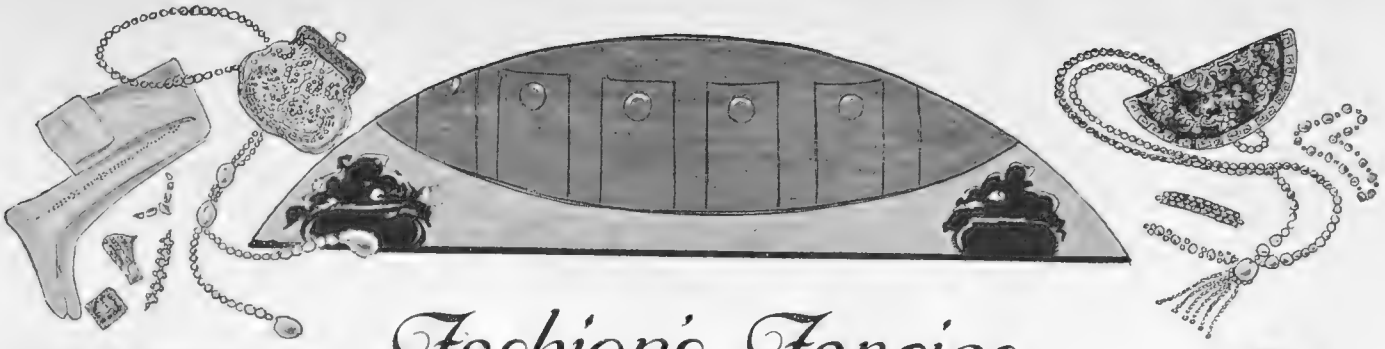
All the reducing exercises are on the principle of stretching, and never by any chance are they of the tense, muscle-building order once so popular, which made lady boxers of the brave spirits who undertook them.

In overthin or wasted cases the exercises are of a relaxing nature in order to promote ease of body and a general feeling of well-being with the object of building up the frame and muscles to normal strain and fatigue-bearing condition. Only when the body is in a condition to benefit by more activity would more strenuous exercise be given.

After the exercises one relaxes in a radiant heat and light bath, with the novelty of having the body encased but the head outside to breathe fresh air. This is a great improvement upon the old type of heat bath with its stifling atmosphere.



"The Seal" exercise. It improves the general circulation, strengthens the abdomen and corrects that very common fault called sway back



NOVEL ACCESSORIES FOR THE OPERA

Including mother-of-pearl and paste heels, with mirrors inset, by which My Lady may powder her nose, to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street

Fashion's Fancies

By THÉRÈSE

That Parisian Touch

THE visit of M. Doumergue, the President of the French Republic, ushers in the beginning of a brilliant Season. The last occasion on which a French President paid an official visit to England was in 1919, the year of the Peace celebrations. How long ago that seems now! Since then the Englishwoman has progressed vastly in the world of Fashions, and has acquired a well-deserved reputation for smartness. More important still, she has, in many cases, successfully copied the example set by her Parisian cousin of putting on her clothes to her personal advantage.

Personality in Frocks

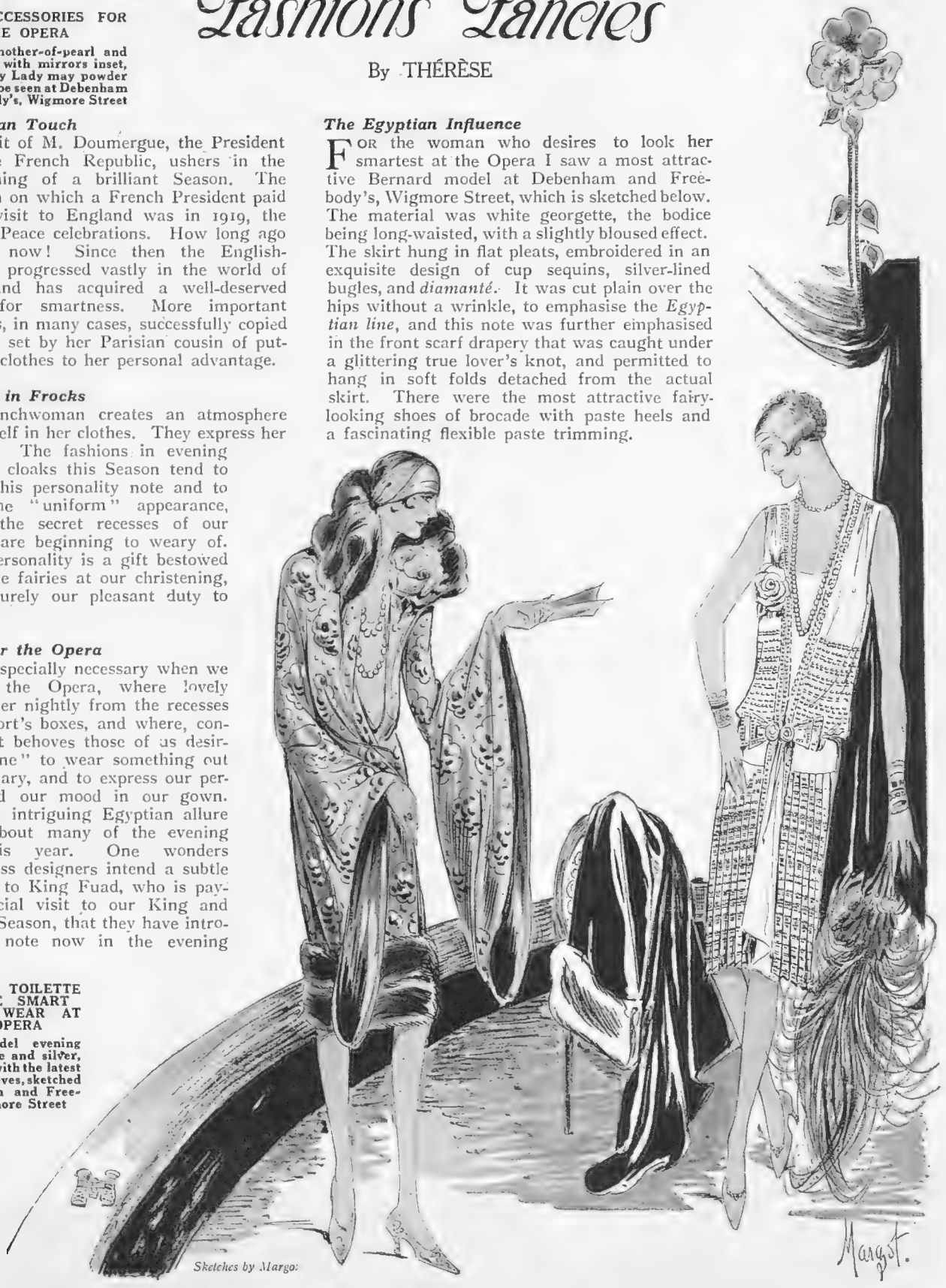
THE Frenchwoman creates an atmosphere for herself in her clothes. They express her personality. The fashions in evening dresses and cloaks this Season tend to emphasise this personality note and to diminish the "uniform" appearance, which, in the secret recesses of our hearts, we are beginning to weary of. After all, personality is a gift bestowed on us by the fairies at our christening, and it is surely our pleasant duty to cultivate it!

Fashions for the Opera

THIS is especially necessary when we attend the Opera, where lovely women glitter nightly from the recesses of their escort's boxes, and where, consequently, it behoves those of us desiring to "shine" to wear something out of the ordinary, and to express our personality and our mood in our gown. There is an intriguing Egyptian allure and *flair* about many of the evening dresses this year. One wonders whether dress designers intend a subtle compliment to King Fuad, who is paying an official visit to our King and Queen this Season, that they have introduced this note now in the evening frocks.

The Egyptian Influence

FOR the woman who desires to look her smartest at the Opera I saw a most attractive Bernard model at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, which is sketched below. The material was white georgette, the bodice being long-waisted, with a slightly bloused effect. The skirt hung in flat pleats, embroidered in an exquisite design of cup sequins, silver-lined bugles, and *diamanté*. It was cut plain over the hips without a wrinkle, to emphasise the *Egyptian line*, and this note was further emphasised in the front scarf drapery that was caught under a glittering true lover's knot, and permitted to hang in soft folds detached from the actual skirt. There were the most attractive fairy-looking shoes of brocade with paste heels and a fascinating flexible paste trimming.



A PERFECT TOILETTE FOR THE SMART WOMAN'S WEAR AT THE OPERA

Bernard model evening gown of white and silver, and a cloak, with the latest mediæval sleeves, sketched at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street

Sketches by Margot

A Cloak with a Mediæval Note

To wear with the dress was a cloak of green and silver brocade lined with satin. A high collar of dark sableline fur framed the wearer's face, and was introduced again in a broad hem. A novel feature adding dignity to this particular model were the sleeves, which were mediæval in design and lined with tissue. For supplying the accessories that perfect My Lady's toilette, Debenham and Freebody are master magicians. In the Flower Department I saw a spray of organdi pansies that perched like a flight of delicate yellow, mauve, and green butterflies on the shoulder.

Novelties in Evening Bags and Jewellery

The evening bags were most fascinating! One especially, embroidered by hand in gold braid, *diamanté*, and pearls. The braid, by the way, is the same as that used on the French officer's uniform. Another subtle compliment this to our distinguished French visitor, but then this firm seems to make a habit of being in advance. Another novelty I discovered were embroidered Chinese mats that had been cunningly folded in half and made into the most original-looking bags. Imitation jewellery is so realistic-looking nowadays that no woman need be deprived of this finish to her toilette. Then there were delightful ropes of graduated pearls, with a long tassel. There was a necklace of flat pink pearls slung on chains. A novel touch this last, that made the stones lie flat against their owner's neck. There was a bracelet to match.

My Lady's Bath

What woman does not revel in the delights of a warm scented bath before going to the Opera? But to get the fullest benefit from it *she must use the right soap!* And in these days, when so many of us indulge in sports, we need a protective ointment as a salve against midge and insect bites. Wright's Coal Tar Ointment is a wonderful remedy in this respect, and, used in conjunction with their famous soap, makes

MY LADY ANTICIPATES

Her enjoyment of the Opera by a bath with Wright's delicious Coal Tar Soap

a delightful toilette adjunct, and a refreshing finish to My Lady's bath.

And So To Beauty . . .

If we are going to have our heart-strings wrung by the tragedy of "Madame Butterfly," we must first fortify ourselves; and the best tonic a woman can have is to know she is looking her best, with a clear complexion and sparkling eyes. The round of the Social Whirl may be thrilling, but it exacts a heavy nerve toll from its followers. I was talking about this the other day to Madame Rubinstein.

Banish That Tired Feeling

She advised those who want to look their best for the Opera to indulge in a "Tired Woman's Face Treatment." So if you want to assure for yourselves the end of a perfect day, wend your way to 24, Grafton Street. Arrived there, you recline at ease in a long lounge and let yourself relax, whilst one skilled in beauty treatments pats the most soothing of wrinkle-remover creams into your weary skin. Such little fairy pats that lull you all unwittingly to slumber! You awaken with reluctance when she fits a mask of wax, compounded of some secret recipe, over your face, just permitting your nostrils and mouth breathing space. She proceeds to apply hot pads over the mask, and you relax sleepily for the next twenty minutes, feeling as if you were afloat in warm heated air, and minus the weight of your body. You are recalled to material affairs by the removal of the wax mask. And the most pungent smelling and refreshing astringent lotion is then dabbed on your face.

Refreshed, Revived, Rejuvenated

The administration of an eye-lotion to brighten your tired eyes; a careful *smoothing on* of powder—no dabbing here, be it noted; a dusting of your eyebrows and eyelashes with a minute brush; a touch of lip salve; and you can face your mirror without a tremor—and the battery of your feminine rivals' lynx eyes at the Opera House!

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY!

My Lady snatches a brief hour for the "Tired Woman's Treatment" at Madame Rubinstein's restful salons in Grafton Street

Sketches by Ella Fulton

LA NUQUE PREPARES FOR CONQUEST

The latest in transformations for the smart woman, designed by Maison Georges, Buckingham Palace Road

A Woman's Crowning Glory

Now arrives a most important part of My Lady's toilette—*her hair*. Under the myriad glistening lights at Covent Garden it is impossible to hide a badly

(*Continued on page xx*)

LEAD FIGURES

Garden Furniture and Ornament

OLD ENGLISH GARDEN SEATS
STONE GARDEN SEATS
IRON GATES (Old English, Spanish and Italian)
LEAD VASES—WELL HEADS—SUNDIALS—BIRD BATHS
TRELLIS—PERGOLAS—GARDEN HOUSES, ETC.

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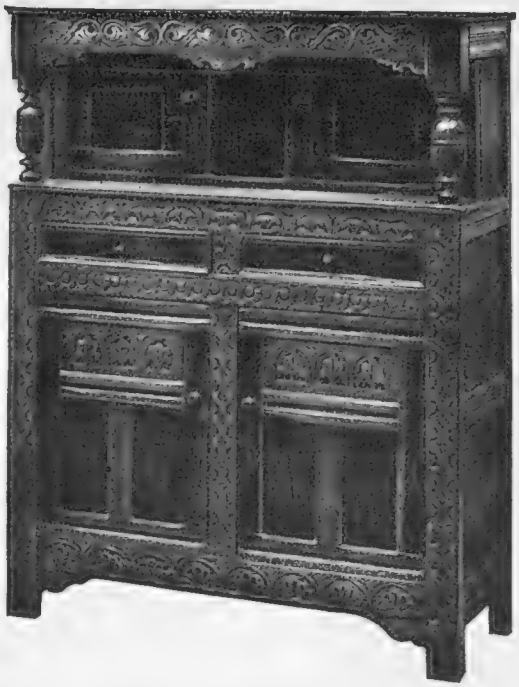

Fine Reproduction Oak Buffet
3 ft. 6 in. wide, 4 ft. 6 in. high
Price £32 15s.

A visit is invited to inspect the interesting collection of Reproductions and Antique Furniture

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Miss Kerr's "USEFUL WOMEN"
DO EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DONE.
Special attention paid to
MEETING CHILDREN and SHOPPING
FOR CLIENTS ABROAD

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4000 feet.
GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA
(British Proprietors)
Magnificent situation. Grandiose panorama. 200 beds. Tennis, Orchestra. English Church. Resident Doctor. Hydro attached to Hotel. R. BAEHL, Manager.

Vichy is not only a health-resort; its reputation for sports and high social intercourse attracts every year more than 130.000 visitors.

VICHY

6

Stephenson's Furniture Cream

"Makes polishing a pleasure"

Atmospheric action makes furniture dull. Polishing with Stephenson's Furniture Cream restores its full beauty. Stephenson's does not fingermark, it is the best polish, yet costs no more.

In Glass Bottles:
4½d., 9d., 1/6 & 3/-

Sole Manufacturers:
Stephenson Brothers, Ltd., Bradford.

coiffured head. And that boyish crop is not always so attractive-looking at night. Monsieur Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., having this thought in mind, has evolved a most fascinating "solution" that goes by the intriguing title of "La Nuque." It is an airy arrangement of little fluff curls that nestle coyly at the base of their wearer's neck, conveying a delicate suggestion that the growing ends of the shingle have been turned up. He is a specialist in *postiches*, and experimented for over ten years before he invented to his own satisfaction the natural parting which is a feature of all his transformations.

Beautifying Our Gardens

With the arrival of Summer our thoughts fly to our gardens and how best to beautify them. Should we be the fortunate possessors of a rambling garden, with unexpected nooks and corners, we can indulge our fancy in quaint stone bird baths. Messrs. John P. White, the Pyghtle Works, Bedford, have some fascinating examples. The one illustrated on this page is of stone, and depicts two bronze Satyrs seated on rocks, piping their wild music. This firm have some beautiful old Venetian well-heads. One in particular is hewn from trian stone, which is similar in *feel* and appearance to marble. The houses in Venice, by the by, are built of this particular stone. Another unusual garden ornament to be seen in their showrooms is a quaint-looking Japanese lantern, made from Japanese granite. In the past these lanterns were placed in Japanese gardens to frighten away evil spirits! The firm have many clients in America and Australia. They have just shipped one of their ancient well-heads, weighing three-quarters of a ton, to the latter country. Their antique Italian gates are in demand for overseas. The exquisite design of these would beautify any garden.

FOR THE GARDEN

A stone bird bath with two bronze satyrs seated on the rocks. It was made by Messrs. J. P. White and Sons, Ltd., of the Pyghtle Works, Bedford

AT CANBERRA

The Australian Coat of Arms worked into the flooring of the Australian Houses of Parliament in coloured rubber. All the floors, which are rubber paved, were laid by the North British Rubber Co., Ltd., of Edinburgh and London

At Westminster

The second annual Decorative and Industrial Art Exhibition, which is to be opened by Lord Burnham, President of the Faculty of Arts, at the Central Hall to-day (Wednesday), will close on May 28. An interesting feature of the exhibition is a collection of works by a number of vice-presidents; these include panels in plaster, by W. Reid Dick, A.R.A.; poster designs, by Norman Wilkinson, R.I.; models of buildings, by Sir Charles Allom, and many other items. Leatherwork, woodwork, metalwork, book-binding, pottery, hand-made glass, weaving and etching are only a few of the arts featured in this most interesting exhibition, which will be found well worth seeing as examples of modern art and craftsmanship.

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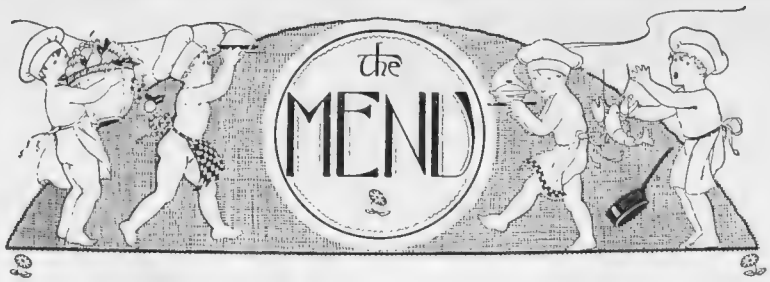

A SIMPLE LUNCH

Hors d'Œuvres: Smoked Salmon à la Cardinal.
Fried Smelts (a French Recipe).
Indian Spatchcock: Salad.
Asparagus.
Grape-Fruit Baskets.
Calf's Brains on Toast or Prawns in Aspic.

Smoked Salmon à la Cardinal

Cut some smoked salmon in wafer-like pieces and lay them on slices of tomatoes over slices of cucumber, garnish with strips of hard-boiled white of egg and chopped capers.

Fried Smelts (a French Recipe)

Clean and wipe the required number of smelts, and steep them for a quarter of an hour in a little milk and water. A few minutes before cooking take out the smelts, drain them, and dip each fish separately in flour, then plunge into very hot fat, and fry to a golden colour. Drain the fish on paper, sprinkle with salt, and dish up, garnishing with quarters of lemon and sprigs of parsley. Brown bread and butter should be handed.

Indian Spatchcock

Split and boil lightly a chicken. Place the chicken, when cold, flat open in a fireproof pan, pour the following sauce over, put it in the oven, and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. A flat green enamelled dish is suitable. Sauce: One teaspoonful each of made mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, and a little cayenne. Mix well together, heat, and pour over the chicken. New potatoes and a salad should accompany this dish.

Grape-Fruit Baskets

Cut the rind of the grape-fruit, so as to leave the lower half untouched; leave a band of peel half an inch wide on the upper half to form a handle, remove the rest of peel and pulp. When the baskets are free from pulp refill with the pulp. Serve with sugar on top and preserved cherries.

Calf's Brains on Toast

Wash well in salt and water, and then boil the calf's brains; when boiled, chop them up with a little ham, cayenne, salt, and a little cream. Put them on to fried toasts with fried breadcrumbs on top of each, and serve hot.

Prawns in Aspic

Two dozen prawns, one pint of jelly, six olives or a piece of cucumber. Line some small moulds, or a large one, with jelly, decorate the bottom with chopped cucumber or olives. Put in a teaspoonful of jelly, and let it set. Put three or four prawns in each mould, fill up with jelly, and place on ice. The prawns must be shelled. This is easy to do and is a very pretty dish. Emilia.

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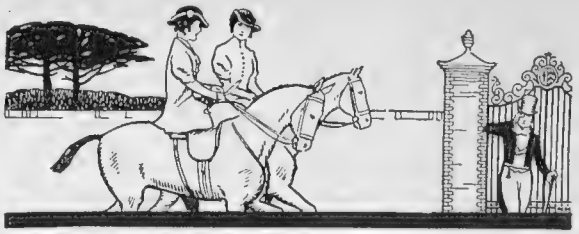

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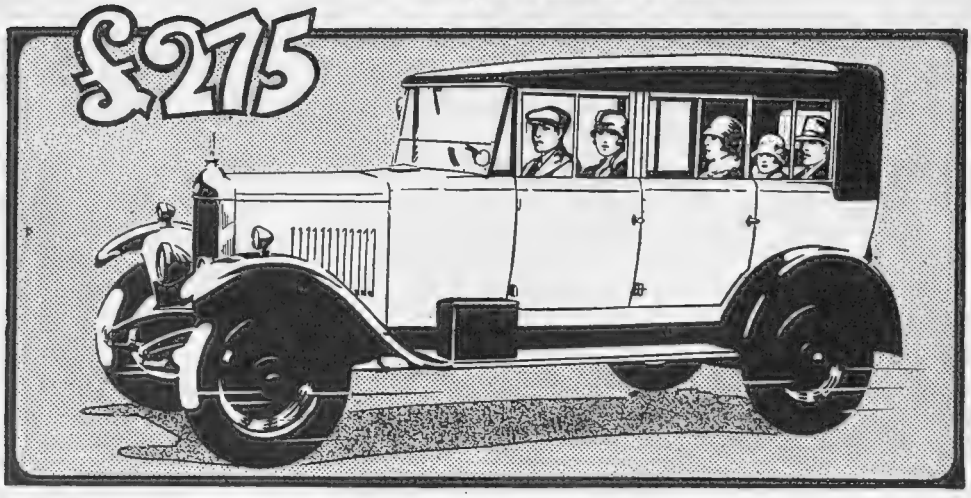

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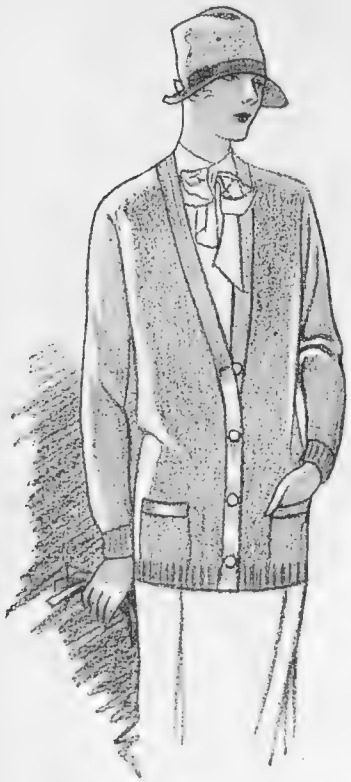

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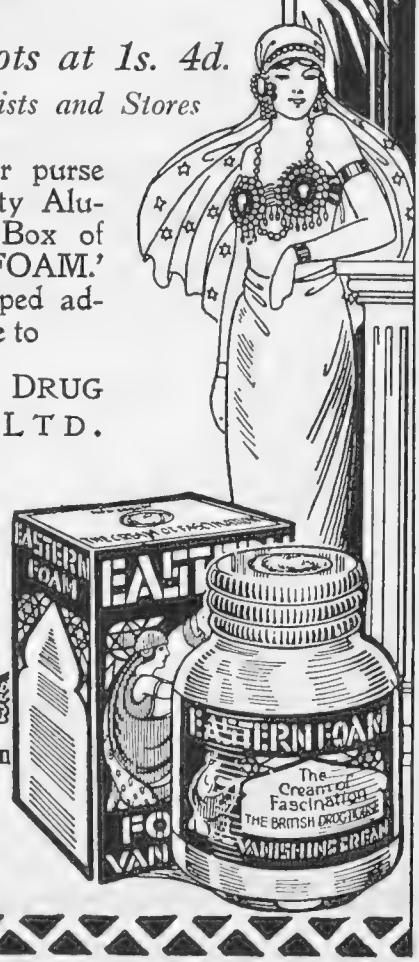

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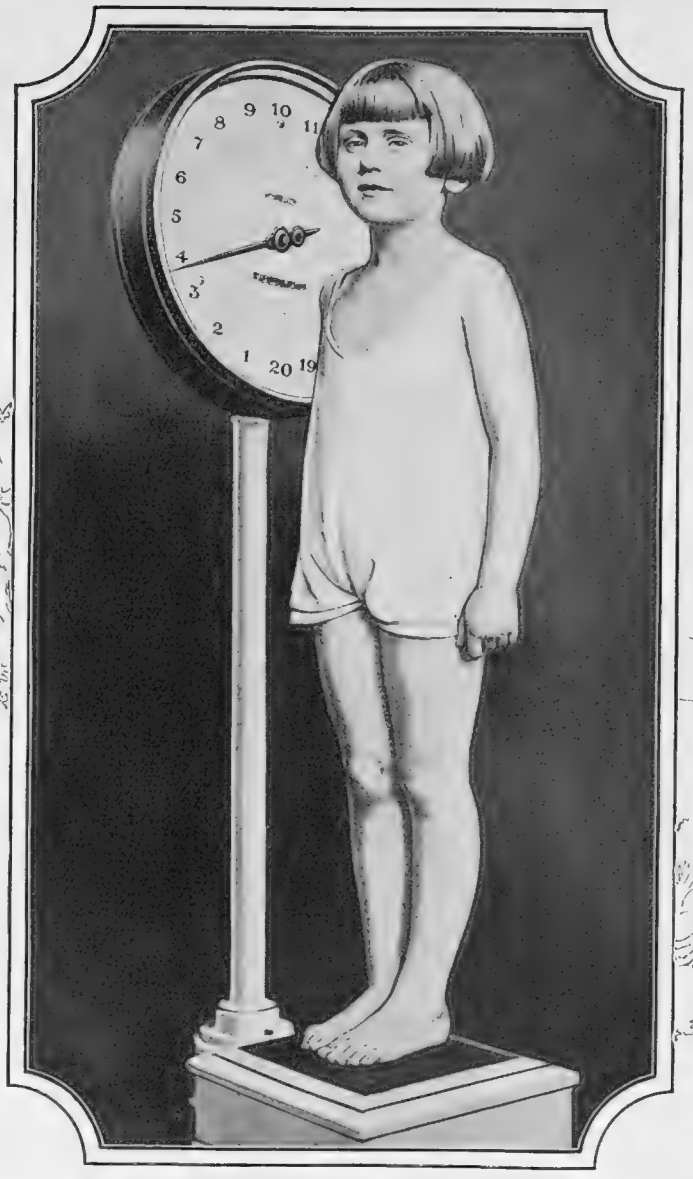

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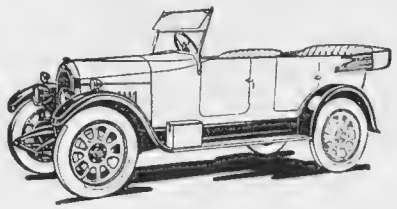

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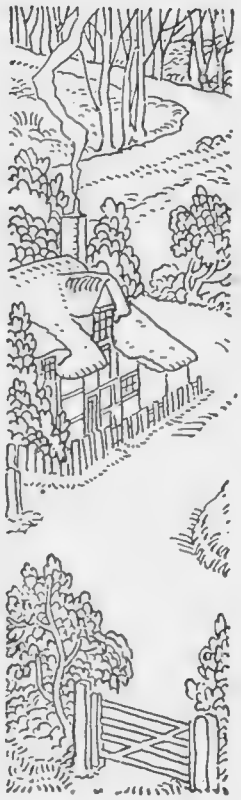

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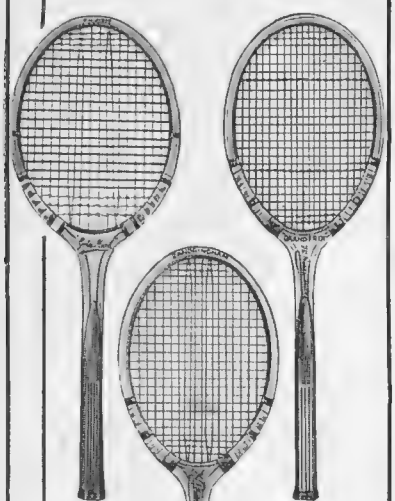

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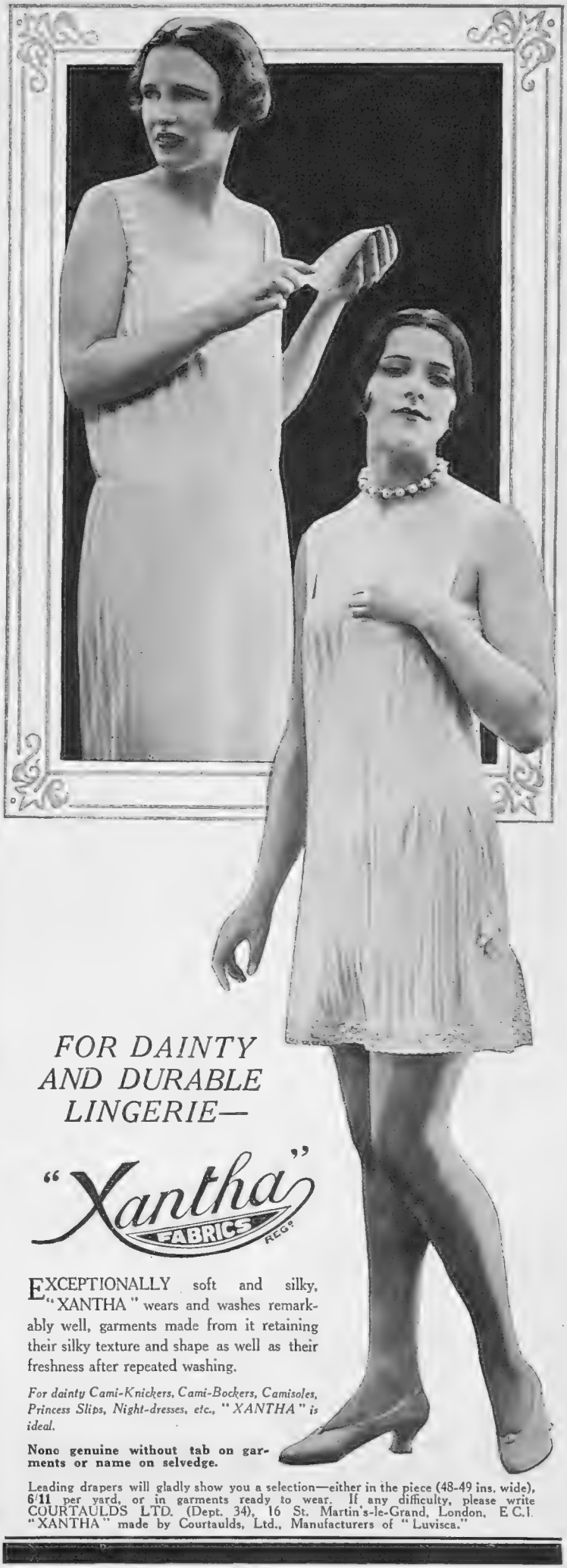

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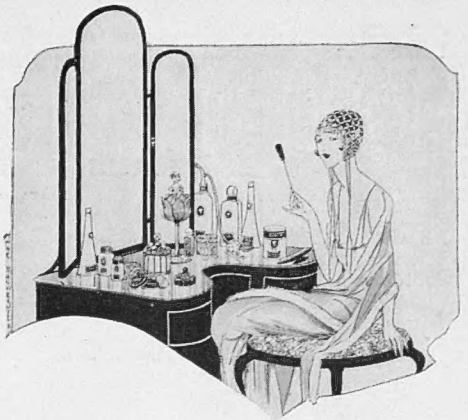

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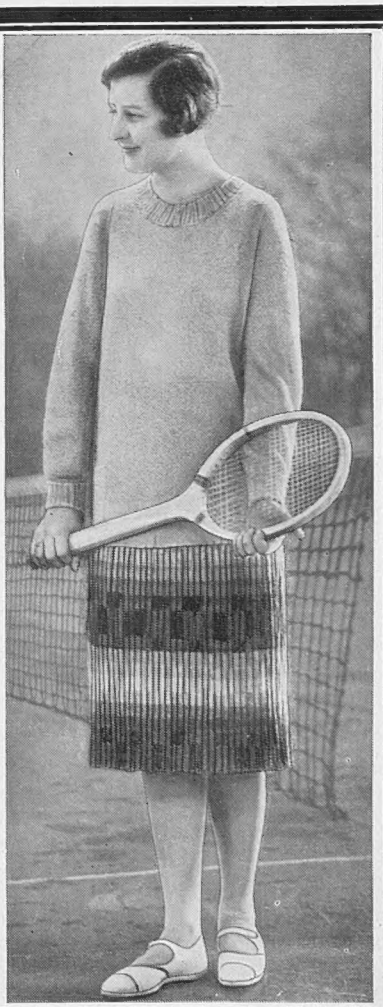

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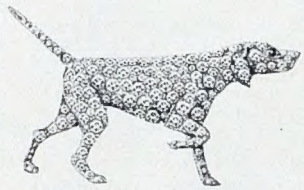

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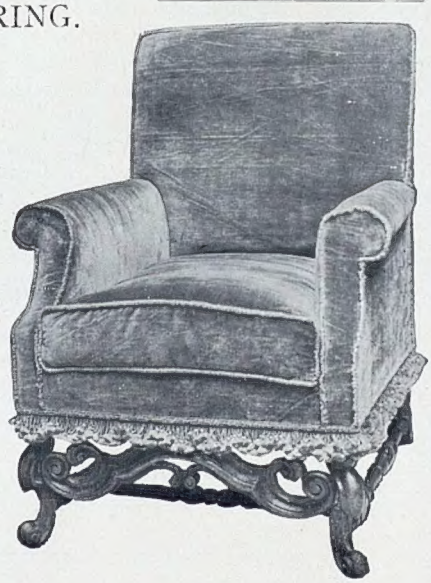

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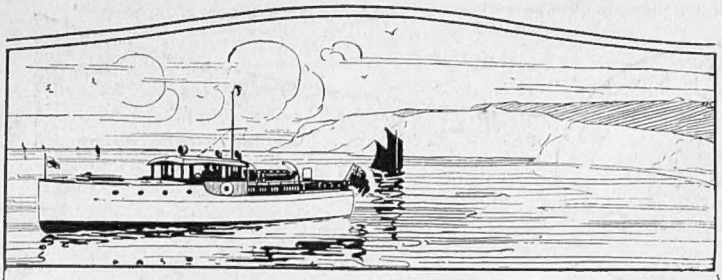

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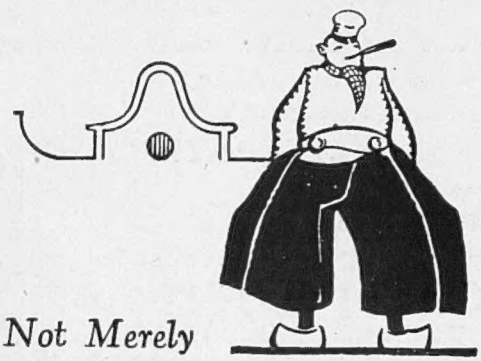

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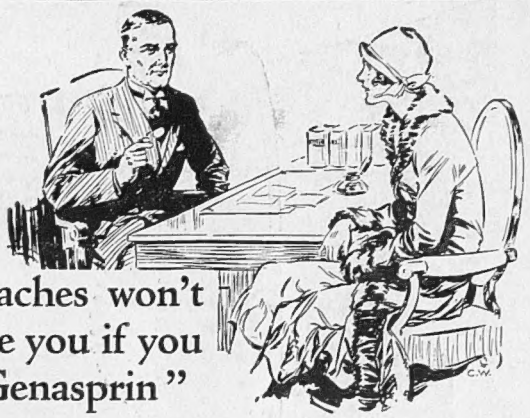

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